

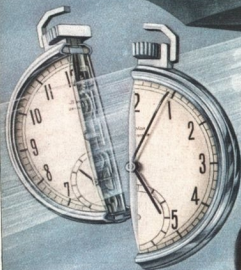
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

NOVEMBER 17, 1958

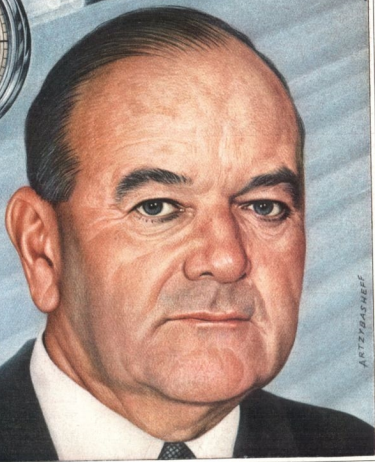
JETS ACROSS THE U.S.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



AMERICAN
AIRLINES'
C. R. SMITH



ART BY BASHEFF

\$7.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXXII NO. 20



See the new Norelco Speedshaver demonstrated on the Steve Allen and Jack Paar Shows, NBC TV Network

Give him the **New Norelco** Speedshaver the largest-selling electric shaver in the world!

Razor blade close, yet easy on the face as only Norelco's rotary blades can be!



Gentle feminine grooming... New Norelco Golden Debutante gives a "powder-puff" smooth shave, can't nick legs or underarms. ac, dc \$14.95



For bouillotte luxury... Give her the New Deluxe Lady Norelco twin head in beautiful Nassau Pink. The ultimate in daintiness. ac, dc \$24.95



For outdoorsmen, motorists... New Norelco Sportsman. Runs on ordinary flashlight batteries or plugs into car lighter. Now only \$24.95

Why He Wants The New Norelco Speedshaver This Christmas:

- He *knows* Norelco's world-famous rotary blades stroke off whiskers whichever way they grow. Without pinch or pull.
- He'll *love* the new flip-top shaving head—opens at the touch of a button for split-second cleaning.
- Self-sharpening blades. Quiet brush motor—won't heat up, needs no oil.
- What a value! With luxury travel case, only \$24.95. ac/dc.

NORELCO is known as PHILIPS in Canada and the rest of the free world. NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Other products: Radios, Radio-phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

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One gives you lowest cost per mile



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The right tire on your truck may save you as much as 50% on tire costs. Do you know which of the dozen or more different-type tires that fit your wheels is right for the job? Your nearby B.F. Goodrich dealer does. He knows that the roads you travel, the loads you carry, the speeds you drive, even the section of the country in which you operate—all have a bearing on the choice of the right tire!

Take advantage of the free tire recommendation service B.F. Goodrich dealers give. They have available all tire types and treads in different constructions, designed specially for the kind of trucking job you have. Get the tire that will give *you* lowest cost per mile. See the B. F. Goodrich man today. He's listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. B.F. Goodrich Tire Co., A Division of The B.F. Goodrich Co., Akron 18, Ohio.

*Specify B. F. Goodrich Tubeless or tube-type tires
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Smileage!

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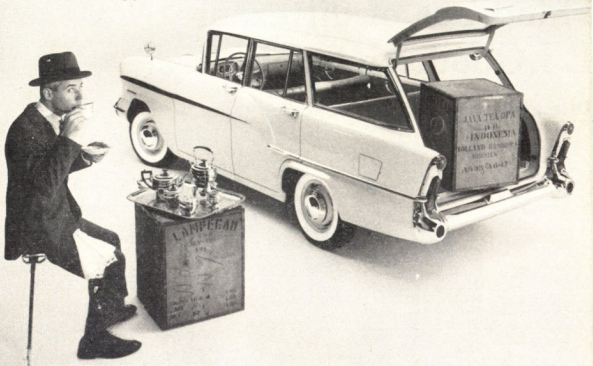
TIME
November 17, 1958

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Volume LXXIII
Number 29

"We British simply insist on quality!"



You'll love the *Vauxhall* for the same reasons the British do!



Only the British could craft so trim a station wagon . . . give it so much room . . . and such easy parkability. The Vauxhall Estate Car brings to America a new kind of motoring practicality with full 5-passenger roominess, 4-door convenience, flat-folding rear seat and 45 cubic feet of cargo space. Its compact British-engineered power plant cruises you easily at highway speeds—with fuel economy remarkable even by austere English standards. Above all, it carries the proud stamp of meticulous British craftsmanship, admired around the world. Priced below any American 4-door wagon, the Vauxhall Estate Car makes it easy to widen your horizons with a wagon.

For colour catalogue, write Pontiac Motor Division, Dept. 31, Pontiac, Mich.

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Ω OMEGA

In all the world, the most wanted watch

SELF-WINDING

Ladymatic®



At last . . . beautiful as your heart's desire . . . a woman's watch that's fully automatic—yet so petite.

Your natural wrist motions wind the Ladymatic while you wear it. Unlike watches you wind by hand, the ingenious Ladymatic movement always maintains exactly the same tension on the mainspring . . . never too much, never too little . . . to assure constant

accuracy. What's more, the Omega Ladymatic is the smallest self-winding watch made with a sweep-second hand.

The Ladymatic shown . . . its 14K gold-mesh bracelet soft as woven fabric . . . features a classic case of 14K gold and 18K hour markers: \$325, Federal tax included. Other Ladymatic models, including water-resistant models and diamond-set creations, from \$115.

• Omega is the official watch of the International Olympic Games and has again been appointed to time the 1960 Olympics in Rome.

• Made to uncompromising standards, an Omega takes longer to produce than an ordinary watch. With quantities limited, only selected jewelers sell and service Omega watches.

Send for Style Brochure "J," showing men's and ladies' watches from \$75 to \$10,500, giving facts buyers of a fine watch should know, and name of nearest Omega jeweler. Write Omega, 375 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

EVERY OMEGA WATCH COMES WITH A WORLD-SERVICE GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE HONORED IN 129 COUNTRIES



The brand-new Brownlee power dam on the Snake River between Idaho and Oregon, built by the local independent electric company, the Idaho Power Company. This project includes the Oxbow dam and the Hells Canyon dam down river from Brownlee.

How to save taxpayers a half-billion dollars

This big electric power dam offers a clear example of the difference between federal government electricity and electricity developed by independent electric companies.

Brownlee dam is *saving* money for you and other U. S. taxpayers, because it was built by an independent power company. Brownlee and its two companion dams, in fact, will bring in about \$150,000,000 in federal taxes over a 25-year period, *plus* about \$100,000,000 in taxes to states and local communities.

But this power project *almost* cost taxpayers a half-billion dollars because of pressure from proponents of social-

ism and other groups that constantly promote federal government electricity. They tried for 8 years to make the government build this project with a half-billion dollars of taxpayers' money.

This time, every taxpayer in the country got a break because the independent company built the dam. But sometimes the pressure groups win, and you and everybody else pay hidden taxes for their victory.

Remember this difference the next time you hear somebody beating the drums for more federal government power projects. When they win — *you* lose.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

TIME, NOVEMBER 17, 1958



We're worth a lot more than we thought!

You'll be amazed at the value of what you own when you add up the many new things you've bought over the years—TV set, appliances, furniture and other items.

You may also be amazed to find that the amount of insurance you carry is far less than it should be to protect you against loss.

To help you know how much you own and be sure you're properly protected, America Fore Loyalty Group will be happy to send you a free copy of its new **INVENTORY BOOK**.

When you compare the total value of your possessions to the insurance protection you carry, you may discover, as most persons do, *that you are under-insured*. If so, get in touch with your local independent insurance agent immediately. He can make sure that you have adequate protection.

Remember a good inventory is a valuable record in case of loss. Mail the coupon **TODAY!** You'll be glad you did.

Send for our **FREE**
inventory booklet!



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Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, a copy of the booklet "Inventory of Our Household and Personal Possessions."

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LETTERS

Foresighted Bull

Sir: Recently I reread your March 24 cover story, "The Recession—How Deep? How Long?", and you deserve an orchid for 25/25 foresight. The stockmarket's action in the last seven months, rising almost 100 points on the Dow-Jones industrial average, has justified your cover captioned "Wall Street Bull: Spring, 1958." Forecasted pickups have likewise occurred in housing, steel and autos—to mention just a few indices—and you are to be commended for your courage in publishing this article when the recession was close to rock bottom.

JULIUS M. WESTHEIMER

Baltimore

Man of the Year

Sir: Boris Pasternak for *Doctor Zhigago*—also, for his honesty and integrity, for his fearlessness and self-sacrifice.

M. KOFFLER

Brooklyn

Sir:

Since he is the man who has brought stability to France and hopes for peace to North Africa, I would strongly urge that you select General Charles de Gaulle.

ALAN DAVID ENTINE

Melbourne, Australia

Sir:

Senator Theodore Green of Rhode Island.

LAURA J. SMITH

New York City

Sir:

He should be Adlai E. Stevenson, who remains far and away the wisest voice to be heard in the world today.

DAVID PEARSON ETTER

Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

David Lawrence, editor of *U.S. News and World Report*. He has presented information to the people against the subversive influence of those who would impose their sociological theories on us in matters which neither the people nor their elected congress have made law.

SIDNEY T. H. CARLSON

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:

Casey Stengel. Who else!

FRANCIS J. MOYNIHAN

Jamestown, N.Y.



Boris Chaliapin

Smearing Cartoons

Sir:

I would like to commend *TIME*, Oct. 27 for printing the cartoons depicting Vice President Nixon's tactics and blunders. They were so very true.

MARSHA MASON

St. Louis

Sir:

Nixon has never shown a white feather concerning Communism. The smearing cartoons by the *Washington Post's* Herblock and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch's* Mauldin must have caused their editors to give them a "shower" of red stars. It would be appropriate if these cartoonists signed their names in red ink.

ANNA MAE G. COUMBOURAS
Springfield, Mass.

Sir:

Those cartoonists' smear tactics on Nixon are as effective as the Commies' best methods of character assassination.

J. H. KURZ

San Antonio

Sir:

Nixon has said more unkind things about the Democrats than any other politician.

MRS. J. W. BOWMAN

Winston Salem, N.C.

Sir:

The cartoons against Mr. Nixon are shocking—not as political depictions, but by their

below-the-belt viciousness. It seems Mr. Nixon is still being His-ed by an unforgiving hard core.

H. C. CONWAY

San Diego

Tallu at Lunch

Sir:

Well, I see Tallulah Bankhead got into the news again, giving a speech at a Democratic luncheon. If that is the type of luncheon the Dems put on, I'll be forced, in the future, to vote for the other party.

FRANK THEKAN

Wilmette, Ill.

Sir:

TIME'S CHARGE THAT I TRIED TO MANEUVER MYSELF INTO HARRY TRUMAN'S LAP AT A DEMOCRATIC LUNCHEON IS OFFENSIVELY FALSE. I GREETED MR. & MRS. TRUMAN AT HIS REQUEST.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

NEW YORK CITY

Sweet & Sour Notes

Sir:

Viva la diva serena!!! I was very happy to find the one and only Renata gracing your Nov. 3 cover. At last, we are getting even with that certain temperamental diva who got her name on your cover a couple of seasons ago.

AVIK GILBOA

Los Angeles

For the cover story on Soprano Maria Meneghini Callas, see *TIME*, Oct. 29, 1956.—Ed.

Sir:

Comparing the glorious singing of Tebaldi to the grotesque noises of Callas is like comparing the painting of the Mona Lisa to a drawing of Orphan Annie.

DOUGLAS F. JACKSON

New York City

Sir:

You say Richard Tucker is the "world's best tenor." This is a silly statement. Mr. Tucker is a good tenor, but Jussi Björling is better.

TED DAX

Chicago

Sir:

Many thanks for bestowing upon me the title of world's best tenor.

RICHARD TUCKER

Houston

Sir:

You say "none of [the Met's big men] compares as box office attractions..." with some of the current leading sopranos of the Metropolitan. In opera no artist appears alone. It is the combination of artists, chorus, orchestra, production, etc., that draws, and at the Metropolitan Opera, fortunately the vast majority of our performances are sold out. It has even been suspected that Verdi, Puccini and Mozart have a draw.

RUDOLF BING

New York City

Sir:

Renata won't speak to her daddy, Maria just can stand her mother, But to Box-Office Bing The important thing Is they go on disliking each other.

W. T. WALSH

Brooklyn

Time Listings

Sir:

How can you refer to Auntie Mame as an "old bawd" in your Nov. 3 *TIME* Listings?

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Volume LXIII
Number 20

TIME
November 17, 1958

"The nicest man
in the world
just gave me a
Whitman's
Sampler!"



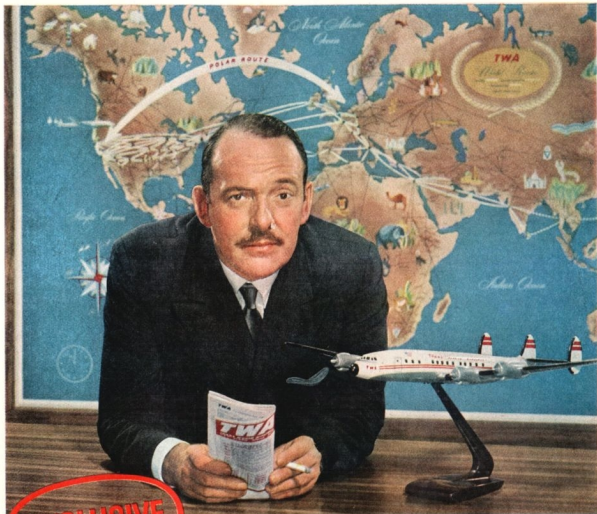
©1955 STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC.

Give a Sampler to your lady on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27
A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS



Another good reason globe-trotters say:

The BEST WAY is by TWA



Robert Ruark, eminent columnist, whose new book "Poor No More" is soon to be published.

Trans World Service!

Only TWA provides this superlative, one-airline service! On a single TWA ticket, you can travel between 65 key cities coast to coast in the U. S. and 23 major cities in Europe, Africa, India, Thailand and the Philippines. You fly aboard the magnificent, non-stop **TWA JETSTREAM*** . . . the longest range, most comfortable airliner in the skies. And en route, relax and enjoy renowned First Class TWA Ambassador service. The most luxurious in flight across the world!

FLY THE FINEST... FLY **TWA** TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

*Jetstream is a service mark owned exclusively by TWA.

She may have her faults, but she is always fair, always bright and always a lady.

PATRICK DENNIS

New York City

¶ For a lady, Auntie Mame wasn't too bawd at all.—Ed.

How to Keep Friends

Sir:

Re "How to Lose Friends" [Oct. 27]: Ben Hecht has many Hollywood friends. I am one. He wrote the screen play of *Wuthering Heights* for me, also *Roadhouse Nights*, which introduced the great Durante to the films, and later twice sold me *Romeo and Juliet*. I still count myself his friend.

WALTER WANGER

Los Angeles

Alsop's Foibles

Sir:

In addition to eight quotations torn out of context, your recent article on me contained no less than seven more or less gross errors of fact. As the article began by getting my name wrong, and finished by getting my weight wrong, it would be too time-consuming to attempt to correct all these errors, one by one. But I must at least correct *TIME*'s story of my reason for choosing my brother as my partner. I asked my brother to be my partner because I knew he wrote admirably, because I was sure he would be a first-class reporter, and because I could not think of anyone else with these essential assets who did not already have a bigger job than I could then offer. Whoever put into my mouth the pretentious damfool statement that I chose Stew because he was "the only writer . . . one could not throw out of one's rooms," was a liar, and in my opinion a malicious liar.

JOSEPH ALSOP

Washington, D.C.

¶ For the full name, *TIME* relied upon Joseph Wright Alsop, Jr.—which is exactly as he gave it to *Who's Who* and to his syndicate. The source for the statement about his brother insists upon its accuracy. As for the volatile weight, the source is Joseph Alsop, who reported in a *Satevepost* article what *Time* said: that dieting years ago slimmed him down to 175 lbs. His weight last week: 162.—Ed.

Sir:

I usually glance at the heading of Joseph Alsop's piece in the *Trib* and from it often decide it is another psalm in pessimism. Surely his mind and judgment are not so beclouded with pessimism that he will fail to underwrite your analysis too.

GEORGE NEUMANN

Hollis, N.Y.

Sir:

May I commend you on your introspective Oct. 27 article on Joseph Alsop? He has done this nation a great service through his writings. If Mr. Alsop is correct, our very survival is at stake.

FRANK D. JACOBS

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Flitting Away the Time

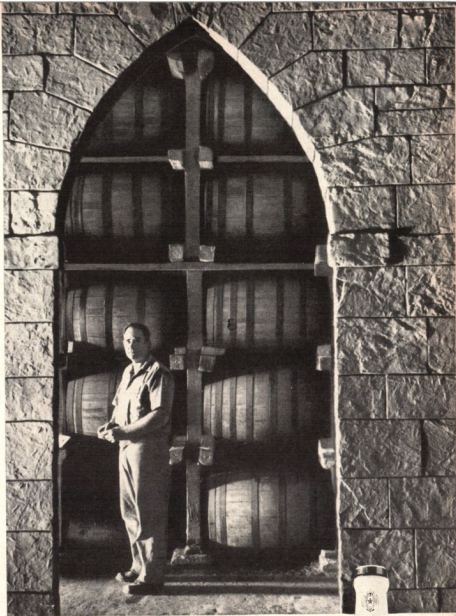
Sir:

Have they changed sexes in the Soviet Union? "To make beautiful muzhik—give her Red Moscow perfume [Oct. 20]." So far, muzhik has been a male Russian peasant; a female Russian peasant is *baba*.

HELEN A. SHENITZ

Juneau, Alaska

TIME, NOVEMBER 17, 1958



This is a small part of the vast cellars in which the Brandy of The Christian Brothers waits patiently for maturity.

The largest selling brandy in America

is the famous Brandy of

The
Christian
Brothers
of California



MAKERS OF FINE WINES, CHAMPAGNES AND BRANDY
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Treasured beyond all other gifts

Nothing will mean so much to her as this bright spray of living light—this diamond pin—casting its glow on all your memories and all the good years waiting to be shared. "A diamond is forever."

This year, let a diamond make memorable that special anniversary or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.



1/2 carat, \$170 to \$550
1 carat, \$500 to \$1430
2 carats, \$1000 to \$4000
3 carats, \$2000 to \$10,000

Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Prices shown cover range of quotations in October, 1958, by representative jewelers for their top-quality unmounted diamonds. (Federal tax extra.) Prices very high with top qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



General Motors announces

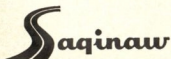
A Revolutionary Advance In Handling Ease!

**A completely new system of Precision Power Steering
available exclusively on 1959 General Motors cars**

The Exclusive Rotary Valve is the Secret...

No matter *what* kind of steering you now have, just five minutes behind the wheel with this completely new Precision Power Steering system will prove to you *how much easier, safer and more pleasant driving now can be.*

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING UNTIL YOU TRY IT!



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MISCELLANY

Sweet & Sour Polka. In Peking, Radio Peking announced a new song hit in Red China: *The Community Dining Hall Is Too Good to Tell.*

Vest Point. In Port Washington, Wis., when John Jushka sent out his Irish setter on the first day of its training as a retriever, the dog came back with a wallet containing \$60.

Candid. In Manila, there were no takers for a \$25 prize offered to any man at a National Press Club gathering who had a picture of his mother-in-law with him.

Scoop. In Morristown, N.J., a headline in the *Record* called attention to a trend: MARRIAGES WANE, BIRTHS FOLLOW.

Careless Wiver. In Detroit, Hartwell Johnson won a divorce after testifying that his wife used her maiden name, went around introducing him as her chauffeur.

Heer No Evil. In Topeka, Kans., when Federal District Judge Arthur Stanley told a witness to "speak up," a juror broke in to say: "It doesn't matter, your honor; I wasn't listening anyhow."

Self-Starter. In Fauquier County, Va., Irving Hanback published a legal notice in the *Fauquier Democrat*: "I will not be responsible for any more charge accounts made by me or my wife."

Ground Stroke. In Windsor Locks, Conn., when the cops made broad insinuations about Kaston Gailius by testifying in court that when they nabbed him, his eyes were watery, his face was flushed and he could not pick up a coin from the floor, Gailius won an acquittal by explaining that sinus trouble had made him teary, he had been sunburned, and he was exhausted from a game of tennis.

Addlescence. In Segoville, Texas, Mae Hancock went to police and asked them to arrest her two boys because "I can't do a thing with them." The cops went to the Hancock house, found Warden, 54, and Guy, 52, sprawled out drunk in the carport.

Brooch Subject. In Piedade, Brazil, Pastor Francisco Antônio de Oliveira preached against feminine vanity and feminine adornments, was pelted with earrings and brooches.

Destroyer Escort. In Claremore, Okla., two bootleggers transporting 96 gal. of whisky in their 1958 car were caught despite 1) a carpet tack dispenser between the rear wheels, 2) a trap door designed to dump 10 lbs. of tacks on the road in deeper emergencies, and 3) a pressurized oil tank that produced a thick smoke screen from the exhaust.

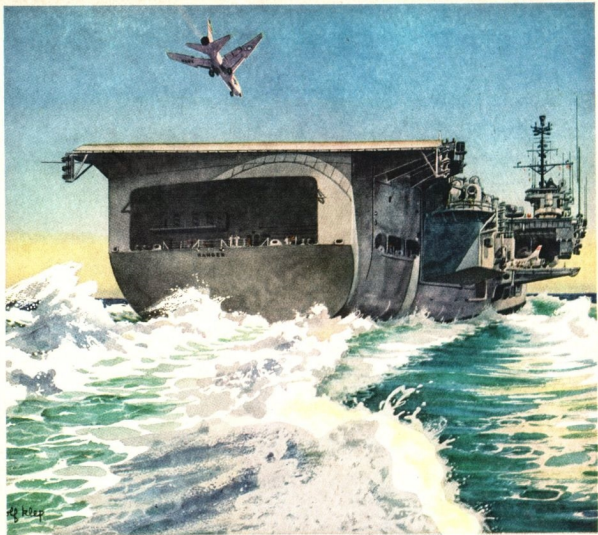


THE SAME FINE OLD FORESTER...
PACKAGED IN THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

This is Old Forester, gift of prestige. A decanter befitting its tradition serves a full fifth of the most respected of whiskies...yet costs no more than the standard bottle.

True for 89 Christmases: *"There is nothing better in the market"*





NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING specified a product of Shell Research for the mighty carrier *Ranger* to give maximum protection to gears in the giant turbines.

200,000 seahorses at work

As U.S.S. *Ranger* roams the seven seas, she packs a new high in fire-power above decks and a new high in horsepower—seahorse power—below...

Driven by turbines rated at more than 200,000 h.p., the *Ranger* embodies significant advances in translating brute force into swift movement through the water. Never before in shipboard use have gears

so compact and so light handled such fantastic power. And one aid to naval engineers in developing these advanced transmissions has been a super-lubricant from the laboratories of Shell Research.

Known as Shell Turbo Oil 37, this lubricant was specifically created for the gears of giant turbines. It has a built-in ability to reduce the wear usually associated with heavy loads

by maintaining an effective cushion between the gear teeth.

Shell has long played a vital role in the development of more efficient power plants and machinery. This experience and dependability lead to better products wherever you see the Shell name and trademark.

Leaders in Industry rely on Shell Industrial Products



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TIME

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Sider, Mark Sullivan, Marvin H. Zin, Cincinnati: Roy
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

THE first function of a newsmagazine is to get the news, and in
an age of speed, space and science, big news is often made in
the most far-flung extremes of the globe. Such news was made last
week when the Air Force rescued a 20-man scientific team from a
block of ice in the Arctic. Getting the news this time required ex-
traordinary speed. From his post in Anchorage, Correspondent Bill
Smith flew to Fairbanks, waited in 10° weather for the arrival of
part of the I.G.Y. team. From Boston, Correspondent Ruth Mehr-
tens drove to Westover Air Force Base to meet returning Strategic
Air Command rescue planes. Smith buttonholed a group of the res-
cued airmen, got his interview, put it on the wires to New York.
Correspondent Mehrtens was invited to dinner with the rescue
crews at Westover's Officers' Club. Her reporting was finished after
midnight, and it was 5 a.m. when she began wiring it in. For TIME's
exclusive story of adventure in the Arctic—and an example of re-
porting at its best—see NATIONAL AFFAIRS, *The Ice-Cube Rescue*.

THE second function of a newsmagazine is to know what the
news means—and this requires not off-the-cuff punditry but the
gathering of more news. Last week TIME correspondents who had
covered the campaign went back on the road, dug deep into the
precinct facts which gave meaning to Election Year 1958. Thus
TIME's editors could:

- ☐ Interpret the true significance of two Democrats who got drowned
in an otherwise all-Democratic tide in Massachusetts, see *THE
NATION, Moderate Mandate*.
- ☐ Show how the least publicized of all the elections might have
the longest-lasting national effect, see *box, Election Scorecard*.
- ☐ Give an intimate account of the sort of political organization
that changed the face of the political map, see *MINNESOTA, Victory
by Organization*.
- ☐ Find Republicans who thought they saw a new mess, see *RE-
PUBLICANS, And Then There Were Two*.

THE third function of a newsmagazine is to get read. As every
reader knows, TIME circulates in almost every country in the
world. Reader Martin L. Bartling Jr., a Knoxville (Tenn.) house-
builder, had this global fact impressed on him in a way that as-
tounded him—as well as the Knoxville post office. Bartling is the
builder of the \$13,500 model home, sponsored by the National
Association of Home Builders, that TIME told about in *BUSINESS*
in the Oct. 27 issue. Hardly had the magazine reached subscribers
when the mail began to pour in—from 49 states, the Virgin Islands
and Puerto Rico. Some builders did not bother to write; they sim-
ply hopped a plane and flew in. The flood of mail increased—from
the West Indies, Venezuela, Colombia, British Honduras, Britain,
France, Germany and as far away as New Zealand. Bartling does
not know when he can get around to answering all the inquiries,
but he's glad that he now has pen pals all over the world.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Moderate Mandate

Manifestly we are in for a liberal swing. Let us have no doubt of that.

—New York Times

They obviously voted for people that I would class among the spenders, and that is what I say is going to be the real trouble.

—Dwight Eisenhower

I saw this trend to liberalism coming a long time ago, when they turned out Bob Taft.

—Ohio Republican

Across the U.S. the politicians and pundits studied the tea leaves of the 1958 elections and forecast the national future. If there was a consensus, it was that the nation has veered to the left after six years of steering down the middle of the road. Yet closer, subsurface examination of the election results raises doubt about that consensus; indeed there is strong evidence that the American voter intended to cast his ballot for moderation.

In last week's elections it was such moderate Republicans as New York's Nelson Rockefeller, Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott and Oregon's Mark Hatfield who scored most dramatically; it was such Old Guard Republicans as Ohio's John Bricker, Nevada's George Malone, Indiana's Harold Handley, California's Bill Knowlton and West Virginia's Chapman Revercomb who took the most sensational drubbings. Clearly the congressional Republican Party had a more middle-road look after the elections than before.

As for Democrats, only rarely did they campaign as full-fledged liberals. Part of their success unquestionably came from the moderate congressional record they had written under Texans Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn. During the campaign, when President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon flailed at the Democrats as radicals, the near-unanimous Democratic reply was "Who? Me?" Few if any farm-belt Democrats campaigned for a return to Henry Wallace's Milk for Hottentots days or for the Truman Administration's Brannan Plan. Few marched to victory as all-out defenders of labor faith; indeed the great majority argued for reasonable labor reform. Where Democrats did get tagged as horseback liberals, they often lost, e.g., in Massachusetts,



Washington Star

"WHERE ARE THE TROOPS?"

John Saltonstall Jr. and James M. Burns, both members of Americans for Democratic Action, were defeated for Congress even while Democratic Senator John Kennedy was leading the rest of his party to its greatest victory in history.

Thus the Democratic Party did not come out of the 1958 elections with the liberal mandate that the pundits claimed. Instead, Democrats had managed to look more like working moderates than the Republicans do. The biggest remaining question was whether the Democratic Party, in the headiness of its revived power, would remember its moderate mandate.



Fletcher—Slovak City Journal

"TELL ME ABOUT NEW YORK AND ROCKEFELLER AGAIN . . ."

THE ELECTION

Cause & Effect

Buried deep in the rubble of Republican defeat lay the causes of Democratic victory—a victory which will shape U.S. policies and politics for the next two years. The causes and effects of Election Year 1958:

Farm Policy

In the traditional Republican heartland between the Mississippi and the Rockies, Republicans lost eight House seats, two Senate places, at least two governorships (Nebraska is still in doubt). High on the list of causes: the political unpopularity of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson. Taking over in 1953, Benson inherited a farm-policy mess that saw prices slumping badly while the Government poured billions into the farm economy. Trying to reverse the policy of farm government-by-handout, Benson was blamed when the agricultural recession continued. By this year, when the farm economy dramatically improved (TIME, May 12), it was too late for Ezra Benson to regain lost personal ground. "The farmers just don't like Benson," said Iowa's Republican Representative Ben Jensen, himself a winner by only 2,200 votes. "They got mad at him a couple of years ago, and they stayed mad."

Almost to a man, Democratic winners in the Midwest campaigned harder against Benson personally than against his policies. "I got up to 5-to-1 majorities in normally Republican rural areas," said Iowa's lone Incumbent Democratic Representative Mervin Coad, who increased his 1956 plurality of 198 to 16,000 last week. Yet, while attacking Benson, Coad, like a remarkable number of other Midwestern Democratic winners, is far from committed to an all-out reversal of Benson's policies. "I see a moderate reversal of the direction Benson was going in," said Coad. "By moderate reversal, I mean lifting minimum supports from 65% up to 70% or 75% of parity and looking at the limitations on production."

With a farm-policy review by the lopsidedly Democratic Congress a certainty, the Eisenhower Administration has a real problem. Should Ezra Benson stay on? Politically, it is probably too late for Benson to help Republicans by leaving. In a policy sense, Benson might hurt the policies for which he stands more by staying than leaving. But at the same time, for

the Administration to dump Benson would be to dishonor a man who has fought hard and honestly for a policy aimed at ending the nation's scandalous, multibillion-dollar farm giveaway.

Right-to-Work

"Those stupid Republican businessmen," cried one of the nation's top Republican politicians on a don't-quote-me basis. "They insisted on right-to-work." Then, turning to Washington newsmen, he said: "Strike the word 'stupid.'" And then, five minutes later, he shook his head and cried again: "Those stupid Republican businessmen." Echoed Ohio's Republican State Chairman Ray Bliss after seeing his state ticket swamped by Ohio's landslide against right-to-work: "During the past year I repeatedly warned the proponents of this issue that this defeat would be the possible consequence. They chose to ignore my warnings."

Becoming identified with right-to-work proposals on the ballots in six states was indeed the stupidest of all Republican campaign stunts. Right-to-work won in Kansas by 76,500, got edged out by 5,000 in Idaho. In the big industrial states where it really counted, right-to-work got swamped (by 966,000 in California, 927,000 in Ohio, 240,000 in Washington and 114,000 in Colorado)—and Republican candidates drowned with it. So deadly was the R.T.W. tag to Republicans that in the last weeks of the campaign, Ohio's Republican Senator John Bricker (who had reluctantly endorsed R.T.W.), tried to disassociate himself from Republican Governor William O'Neill (who had wholeheartedly embraced R.T.W.), refused to appear on the same platform or have his picture taken with O'Neill. Result: Bricker lost by 165,000 votes to a Democratic nonentity, Stephen Young, while O'Neill got clobbered by 460,000 votes by Democratic Mike Di Salle. Said State Chairman Bliss: "I estimate that a minimum of 200,000 additional labor-Democrat voters went to the polls solely because this issue was on the ballot." Said John Bricker of Bliss's estimate: "He's wrong. There were at least 500,000."

The effect of the elections was a predictable kick in the teeth for right-to-work sponsors: within hours after the votes were counted, labor's leaders abandoned the defensive, began working for a federal law that would outlaw R.T.W. in the 19 states where it exists. And for Republicans, there was a lesson: forget about R.T.W. or get whipped.

Labor Bossism

Organized labor, led by the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education, poured vast sums into the campaign, on the whole worked effectively for Democratic candidates. But 1958 was not an unqualified success for labor: Arizona's Republican Senator Barry Goldwater furnished a notable example of how a tough, smart campaign could upset labor's best-laid plans. And more important, Democrat after Democrat won not by defeating labor 100% but by standing for reasonable

legislation aimed at corruption in high labor places. Example: Indiana's John Brademas, a liberal Democrat who won by 25,000 votes in labor's South Bend stronghold, said after the elections that "I kicked Republicans hard for voting against the Kennedy-Ives labor-reform bill." Plainly in the political works for the near future: some sort of labor-reform bill along the general lines of Kennedy-Ives.

The Catholic Issue

The 1958 elections went a long way toward laying to rest the notion of Roman Catholicism as a ruinous national political liability. Even in heavily Catholic Massachusetts, Senator Jack Kennedy's huge 869,000-vote plurality clearly cut across all religious lines. In Pennsylvania Democrat David Lawrence became the first Catholic Governor in history. In California Catholic Pat Brown was elected Governor by a landslide. And in Minnesota, where Catholicism had long been considered a fatal handicap outside St. Paul and Minneapolis, Catholic Eugene McCarthy beat Republican Senator Edward Thyne, a Lutheran (with a Catholic wife), by 57,000 votes. In New York, where the Catholic vote is supposed to be powerful, the voters pulled a switch, defeated Dem-

ocratic Senatorial Candidate Frank Hogan, a Catholic. Said Iowa's Congressman Coad, himself a Disciple of Christ minister: "I think the country is 30 years beyond 1928, and I mean that not only from a standpoint of time but from the standpoint of this subject. It's just not an issue."

Recession

The first-half recession and its jittery aftermath was a basic cause of Republican defeat, especially in such still-troubled spots as West Virginia, Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. Effect of the recession issue: Democratic congressional leaders, apparently willing to go slow as long as recovery continues, will be standing by to start priming the pumps as never before the moment the economy turns down.

Personalities

The biggest Republican winners—New York's Governor-elect Nelson Rockefeller, Pennsylvania's Senator-elect Hugh Scott, Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater, Oregon's Governor-elect Mark Hatfield—had one thing in common: highly attractive personalities that they effectively displayed to the voters. At the same time, the Democratic Party was far more successful in finding young, attractive candidates nationwide. In Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa, for example, the six newly elected Democratic Congressmen averaged only 42 in age, as against 60 for their Republican opponents. Republican Hatfield best explained the meaning of personality to his party: "Let's face it. We had some turkeys, reactionary turkeys. I would except Goldwater because he's a sensational personality. But race-for-race, it's the middle-of-the-road Republican, in communication with the people, who can win, and it seems to me that this is our key to the future."

Party Organization

Neglected by the party leader in the White House, Republican organization fell almost completely apart while Democrats put together smooth-working machines in state after state. In California, Indiana and Utah, Republican factions spent more time fighting each other than fighting Democrats. But in Ohio Democrat Di Salle, beaten by O'Neill by 428,000 votes in 1956, went to work with State Chairman William Coleman, spent two years building up an effective organization, during the campaign held at least seven seminars in every congressional district to teach workers the best vote-hunting techniques. In Minnesota Democratic Representative Eugene McCarthy's capture of Republican Ed Thyne's senatorial seat was the harvest of years of organizational planning (see Minnesota). The organizational lesson: party precinct work is a day-in-day-out job.

Presidential Leadership

Of all causes for general Republican disaster, none was more sharply pinpointed by pundits and editorial writers (see JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES) than presidential leadership. At a strictly political level,

ELECTION SCORECARD

(Including Maine results of September)

	Dem.	Rep.
SENATE		
Before	49	47
Seats at stake	13	21
Lost to rival party	none	13
After	62	34

HOUSE		
Before	235	200
Seats at stake	all	
Lost to rival party	1	47*
After	281	153

GOVERNORS		
Before	29	19
Governorships at stake	19	13
Lost to rival party	4	8†
After	33	14

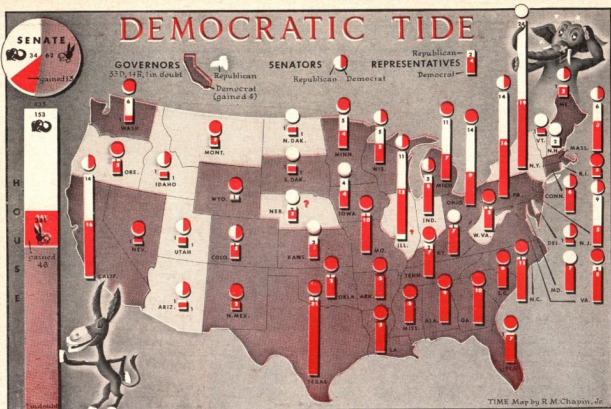
STATE LEGISLATURES‡		
Lower Houses		
Before	28	19
After (one tie)	38	8
Upper Houses		
Before (one tie)	23	23
After	30	17

Biggest Democratic margin: California's Governor-elect Brown, 1,012,000.
Biggest Republican margin: New York's Governor-elect Rockefeller, 557,000.

* One Republican seat in Illinois still in doubt.

† Nebraska race between Republican Incumbent Victor Anderson and Democrat Ralph Brooks still in doubt.

‡ Omitted: Nebraska's nonpartisan unicameral legislature.



President Eisenhower showed little interest in his party. Last week even loyal Eisenhower-Republican Senator Cliff Case of New Jersey was moved to comment on Ike's lack of "love of politics and the political game." Said Utah's G.O.P. National Committeeman Jerry Jones, himself a middle-road Republican: "We have no political leadership, Ike, with his aloofness from politics—his attitude of being above it all—has made us all just a bit ashamed to be politicians." When Ike finally entered the 1958 campaign, the damage was already done. Said an Iowa Republican scornfully: "You can't do much work in one day if you start at sundown."

But it was in another sense that the presidential political weakness was even more hurtful to Republicans. In fact, Dwight Eisenhower wrote a good, constructive record in 1958. Yet the widespread impression remained of a dispirited, drifting Administration. That impression first took real form back in 1957, when Ike hemmed, hawed and refused to crack down on Treasury Secretary George Humphrey's forecasts of a hair-curling depression. It persisted in 1958, when the President delayed for months getting rid of Sherman Adams because "I need him." Again, even while Ike fought wisely and successfully at bringing the U.S. out of recession without pushing the panic button, he failed to dramatize the achievement.

As a result, the Dwight Eisenhower who led the Republican Party to power in 1952 saw the G.O.P. sink to its lowest ebb (see map) in decades this year. And perhaps the most significant effect of the

1958 election was that for all practical purposes, it ended the Eisenhower Crusade. President Eisenhower had failed in the task of remodeling his party in his own winning image. Because of that failure, for the rest of his term he would have to fight hard merely to keep his accomplishments from being rolled back.

THE PRESIDENCY Morning-After Ordeal

The President of the U.S. went into his first post-election press conference the morning after Election Day with his chin high and a jaunty half-smile on his lips, but when he left half an hour later, he was drawn, grey, visibly weary. Veteran White House reporters had never seen him tire so fast. It was plain that the Democratic landslide had jolted Dwight Eisenhower badly—that he found it painful to talk about.

But talk about it he did, in snappish tones edged with determination. Asked about the reasons for his party's defeat, he pointed to two failures: the G.O.P.'s failure to get its campaign rolling soon enough (he referred to Republicans as "they"), and the voters' failure to understand the dangers of excessive federal spending. He had warned about the "spender-wing" of the Democratic Party in his campaign speeches, he said, but "apparently that didn't make any great impression" on the voters. "I don't know whether they did this thing deliberately," he went on. "I know this: that they obviously voted for people that I would class among the spenders."

"Complete Reversal." Could the G.O.P.'s defeat, a reporter asked, be blamed on "disenchantment with the Administration"? Ike's reply showed that the thumping his party took at the polls had baffled as well as hurt him. After he had preached his "middle-of-road" convictions for four years, he said, the voters had re-elected him, in 1956, by a "majority of, I think, well over 9,000,000 votes." Now, here, only two years later, there is a complete reversal; and yet I do not see where there is anything that these people consciously want the Administration to do differently. And if I am wrong, I'd like to know what it is."

Even with overwhelming Democratic majorities on Capitol Hill, Ike declared, he was going to go on pushing for Republican "fiscal soundness." Again and again he harped on the "spending" theme. "We have got to stop spending if we are going to keep further dilution of the dollar from taking place," he said. During the next two years, he vowed, "I am going to fight this as hard as I know how." It was vital, he said, to get the U.S. "awakened to this particular danger."

Rearguard Tone. Ike's voice rang with conviction, and it was understandable that, faced with a peacetime-record deficit of \$10 billion to \$12 billion, he saw real peril for the U.S. in any trend toward freer spending. But his all-out stress on economy had a rearguard, negative tone that was unfair to his Administration's positive achievements.

Once again, the President passed up a

* 9,548,035.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

THE ELECTION: A POST-MORTEM

THE BALTIMORE SUN:

FOR the better part of two years, this has been a dispirited Administration. Tuesday's results, we believe, were primarily the reflection of that and of the consequent public uneasiness.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL:

THE responsibility for this disaster, when you come right down to it, must rest on President Eisenhower. It was he who had the sense of direction and lost it; it was he who should have nurtured a party to support his ideas and did not.

THE DENVER POST:

OUR view is that millions of people were shaken by Republican doubletalk over the budget two years ago, the U.S. lag in missiles and the race for outer space, the incredible confusion over civil defense, the Sherman Adams case, Little Rock, and the antics of John Foster Dulles. It all adds up to weak, distracted and irrationalized leadership.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE:

HAVING done its best to alienate its only possible supporters, the Republican party ought not to have been surprised when it found itself without friends.

Columnist ROSCOE DRUMMOND:

THE over-riding political fact is that the Republican Right wing was decimated. Wherever the Republicans lost, it was almost uniformly the extreme Republican conservatives who fell by the wayside. Wherever the Republicans won, it was almost invariably the Republican liberals—the Eisenhower Republicans, the “modern” Republicans—who withstood and in New York turned back the Democratic avalanche.

Columnist DAVID LAWRENCE:

AS sure as day follows night, if the Republican party advertises its nominee as a “modern Republican” next time, it will increase the stay-at-home Republican vote, and surely elect the Democratic Presidential nominee.

Columnist JOSEPH ALSOP:

IT is perfect nonsense, in fact, to talk of these 1958 results in terms of a gigantic, irresistible tidal wave. What

looked like a tidal wave was first of all the sum of a long series of local Republican choices of candidates obviously likely to repel the maximum number of votes. Wherever the Democrats committed comparable follies, as they did here and there, they also suffered.

THE LOS ANGELES MIRROR-NEWS:

ONCE again the G.O.P. was portrayed as the party of the rich, the selfish and of “big business.” And once again the Democratic party appeared as that of the little fellow, the workman and of “the middle class.” A reconstructed Republican party has a priceless opportunity today. For between the nether wings of both major parties, there exists a tremendous vacuum, aching to be filled.

THE NEW YORK TIMES:

THE right-wing “Old Guard” of the Republican party has, it is good to say, now dwindled almost to nothingness.

THE DALLAS NEWS:

TIME is short. The forces of conservatism in Washington are dwindling [to] men like Harry Byrd, [Barry] Goldwater. When they are gone, we all are gone.

THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER:

IN this debacle there were many losers, not the candidates alone, but the G.O.P. as a whole, Vice President Nixon as an individual and (let us face the grim truth) the South as a region.

THE WASHINGTON POST AND TIMES HERALD:

IT is too bad that the Democratic Party could not have had the same sort of purge of its more extreme troglodytic elements that the voters administered to the Republicans.

THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH:

WE would guess that the greatest discontent of 1958 focuses on the conduct of foreign policy by John Foster Dulles.

THE DES MOINES TRIBUNE:

THE voters have expressed a strong vote of no confidence in the Eisenhower Administration and in the

Republican party—the Republican old guard suffered a drastic defeat.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL:

EISENHOWER, elected as the great leader, has failed to lead.

THE MIAMI HERALD:

THE results yesterday rebuke, if they do not repudiate, the Eisenhower Administration. It has not balanced the budget or materially reduced expenditures. It has let a wishy-washy foreign policy lap to the shores of foreign war.

THE WASHINGTON EVENING STAR:

THE future of this country belongs not to the traditional conservatives, but to those who travel down the center, or even a bit to the left of center of the political road.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION:

THE G.O.P. Administration, despite integrity and the good will of the President, has provided little vision or leadership. It has been indecisive, uncertain and hesitant. The people had lost confidence in it.

THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL:

DISSATISFACTION with the quality of the Eisenhower leadership unquestionably was at the root of the results.

THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR:

THE advent of “Modern Republicanism” has turned the G.O.P. into a mugwump party without any powerful or appealing national character. By its copy-cat tactics of merely adopting and adapting Democratic principles and programs, it has offered the voters no real opportunity for the kind of change that was promised them in 1952.

The Kremlin's NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV:

THE American voters have shown they desire peace. They have condemned the Dulles policy of positions of strength, which is supported by Mr. Eisenhower. We hope the Democrats will change the foreign policy of the U.S. away from the brink of war. They should construct their policy with due regard for the existence of the Socialist camp. We want peaceful coexistence.

chance to point to specific areas where he thought welfare-state spending might be trimmed back. He did say that a lot of money might be saved in national defense by eliminating "duplications" and by seeing to it that missiles and other new weapons systems "displace" older systems, not just "supplement" them. But when asked to name other good places to save money, the President lamely replied that he saw "no reason why we should spare any place, because I think every place we are spending too much money."

When Associated Press's Marvin Armstrong finally ended the press conference ordeal by shouting the traditional "Thank you, Mr. President," Ike muttered, as he left the room, "I thought he had forgotten it."

Westward Bound

Dwight Eisenhower's most poignantly sad moment of the week came not as he listened to the returns on election night, but as he stood bareheaded on a hill in Arlington National Cemetery and heard the melancholy strains of taps pierce the soft autumn air.

The last salute was sounding for an old and good friend, Captain Everett ("Swede") Hazlett, U.S.N. (ret.), who died last week of cancer. A high school chum of Ike's back in Abilene, Swede spent many an hour at the Belle Springs Creamery playing penny-ante poker with Night Foreman Eisenhower during the long, lonely night shift. It was Hazlett who persuaded Ike to try for a military career, helped him cram for his Annapolis-West Point competitive exam. (Ike went to West Point because he was too old for Annapolis.) At his old friend's funeral, the President clenched his face in an immobile mask to hold back tears. When taps died away, he stepped forward and gently kissed Hazlett's widow. Then, with downcast eyes, he marched silently back to his waiting limousine.

Toward week's end Ike boarded *Columbine III* for a trip to Seattle for an address this week to a meeting of the 18-nation Colombo Plan organization, set up by the British Commonwealth in 1950 to foster economic development in Asia. On the way, he stopped off in Ohio for a spell of duckhunting as the guest of his good friend and former Treasury Secretary, Cleveland Millionaire George Magoffin Humphrey. Arriving at Toledo, which had gone overwhelmingly Democratic three days earlier, Ike found an airport crowd of 2,500 waiting in 42° chill to show him that no matter how Toledans voted, they still like Ike. As the crowd started cheering and clapping, the President looked surprised for an instant, then broke into a grin and doffed his hat. Quipped an onlooker: "He should have good hunting. Since Tuesday we've had a lot of lame ducks around here."

Host Humphrey had a limousine waiting at the airport to whisk Ike to the 1,200-acre preserve of the exclusive (ten members) Cedar Point Gun Club on a marshy shore of Lake Erie's Maumee Bay. The afternoon was discouragingly sunny

and windy. "Too bright," said Humphrey. "On days like this the ducks fly high. A cloudy, gloomy day would be better." But Ike, hunting from an aluminum punt with Club Manager Cornelius Mominee as his guide and duck caller, quickly bagged his legal daily limit of four birds, all mallards. His shotgun: a short-barreled, 20-gauge Winchester.

Ike spent the night at the club's austere furnished, dingy white lodge. Next morning he shot four more ducks, then took off to spend a weekend with his lawyer brother Edgar in Tacoma, Wash. On the agenda, if the leaky grey skies cleared up: a golf game. Odds-on to win: elder brother Edgar, who shoots in the low 70s, this year won the Pacific Northwest Seniors Golf championship.



Hank Walker—LIFE

SENATE LEADERS JOHNSON & DIRKSEN
With the victory came some problems.

THE CONGRESS Ahead of the Wind

That well-oiled political weathervane, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Baines Johnson, eased around gracefully last week to point north northwest toward the Democratic Party's election victories. The headlines saw more liberalism in the sharp rise of Democratic working majorities in both the Senate (up from 2 to 28) and in the House (up from 235 to 281). So Democrat Johnson, 48 hours after the count, stepped forth with a program for liberal expansion of federal spending and power by the 86th Congress. "Lyndon doesn't lean with the wind," cracked an admiring Senate colleague. "He leans ahead of it."

In a with-the-wind speech at the annual town-gown day in Big Spring, Texas (pop. 24,800), Johnson dashed off a list of likely congressional specifics: a depressed-areas bill, "an atomic merchant marine," bigger water development programs for the West, "a bold housing program," "jet-age" airport facilities, "courageous urban

renewal," a mild antirackets labor law like Kennedy-Ives, outer-space exploration, "a consistent policy for Latin America," "bold, new, imaginative" foreign policies. He hinted at new attacks upon Administration hard-money policy ("We need to face up to the high interest rates which are slowing the needed growth of our economy"). Also on his target list in some form: Ezra Benson's farm policy, "which now costs \$34 in federal subsidies for every dollar the farmer nets."

And Civil Rights? Texan Johnson did not mention certain other prospects for a new Congress that might think it had to live up to its liberal billing: automatic death for any natural gas bill, possible reduction of the Texas-cherished 27½% depletion allowance on oil income, an end

to conservative and Southern hopes to limit the Supreme Court's powers.

Nor did he say much about his biggest headache: civil rights. Already Illinois' liberal Democrat Paul Douglas and Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey had teamed up with Republican Liberals Jacob Javits of New York and Cliff Case of New Jersey to poll all senatorial candidates on a plan to attack Rule 22, the South's license to stop all civil-rights legislation by filibuster. Douglas & Co. could count 41 votes for abolition of Rule 22 as the first order of Senate business, figured they were well within sight of a thunderous victory that would curl the hair of aging Dixiecrats.

Smoother Operation. Beyond civil rights lay other troubles for both Johnson and House Speaker Sam Rayburn: with the big Northern and Western majorities, such mossbaked committee chairmen as House Rules Committee Boss Howard Smith of Virginia are likely to find themselves under many an organized floor attack from their own party.

On the other side of the aisle, Republican

ranks, though depleted, may find in defeat a new cohesion that will let them exploit Democratic splits. Ailing Joe Martin of Massachusetts will probably hand more of the House minority leader's power over to quick-moving Ikeman Charlie Halleck of Indiana; the Senate's probable new Republican leader, Old Guardist-turned-Ikeman Everett Dirksen of Illinois, will doubtless be a much smoother operator than bumbling ex-Minority Leader Bill Knowland.

REPUBLICANS

And Then There Were Two

Vice President Richard Nixon pushed aside the papers headlining G.O.P. defeat, squared himself for the long, rough run toward 1960. Nixon's political situation had changed overnight. On Nov. 4 he stood virtually unchallenged for the Republican presidential nomination in 1960. On Nov. 5 he could look over his shoulder and see a red-hot potential contender in the person of New York's Governor-elect Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, who ran up a sensational 557,000-vote win in Democratic territory even as California Republicans—including a Nixon protégé for attorney general—were getting shredded all across the board.

Rocky himself was making no promises either way. Said he: "I have no other interest in any other job except being Governor of this state." But the size and scope of his victory had made him a threat to Nixon whether he liked it or not. An Associated Press poll of Republican state chairmen last weekend showed 20 pointing to Nixon as a clear front runner, two (from New York and Massachusetts) claiming Rocky was already the leader—and ten who said it was a tossup between Nixon and Rockefeller.

In the weeks before the elections TIME correspondents talked to dozens of Republican leaders in states where Nixon had campaigned. Almost to a man they were grateful for his efforts, well aware that Nixon need not have lifted a finger in the 1958 campaign had he wanted to duck a part in almost certain defeat. Last week those same leaders were still grateful. But hardly a Republican leader anywhere could keep Rockefeller's name out of the Nixon conversation. Said Illinois Republican Claude Keen, himself a staunch Nixonite: "We think we have a strong new contender in this other fellow [Rockefeller]." Warned Utah's National Committeeman Jerry Jones: "As of now, I'd be a Nixon man. But if he slips too far to the right, the Republicans might find Rockefeller might turn out to be a Moses."

Republican Nixon had other problems as he got ready for 1960. President Eisenhower, always reluctant to take a hand in politics on a partisan, party-wide basis, would be even less likely to help in the next two years. That left Nixon as the functional political head of the Republican Party, yet he would have to walk carefully to avoid stepping out of line with Ike, whose good will he would need now more than ever.

DEMOCRATS

And Then There Were Eight

Only half of them were up for election, and most of those had no contest, but for all eight of the front-running undeclared Democratic candidates for President the 1958 election campaign had big meaning:

California's Pat Brown. By winning by 1,012,000 votes over Bill Knowland, Brown becomes a full-fledged presidential possibility, although he is reportedly happy at thoughts of becoming Vice President. Brown's problem: keeping a wary eye on National Committeeman Paul Ziff-



CANDIDATE SYMINGTON
Everybody's second.

ren and Senator-elect Clair Engle, both longtime supporters of Adlai Stevenson.

Massachusetts' Jack Kennedy. He logged 14,000 miles and 30 speeches for fellow candidates in 17 states, zipped off 5,000 miles through 185 Massachusetts towns. Kennedy's out-of-state legwork made many a Democrat indebted; Kennedy's backyard spading produced a record-breaking, 870,000-vote plurality for him and high-lift coattails for other Massachusetts Democrats.

Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey. With less fanfare than Kennedy, he rolled up 20,000 miles through 18 states. Midwest and Western Democratic gains shifted the balance of political power westward, helped Humphrey because his ardor for rigid farm-price supports is more attractive than Kennedy's fickleness.

Texas' Lyndon Johnson. The most powerful Democrat, the most acceptable candidate to Southerners. If Democrats decide they need the South and if the majority leader wheels and deals well with the Senate's big, new Northern bloc, he could become a compromise candidate.

New Jersey's Robert Baumele Meyner. He lost ground by a poor showing during a late-summer Midwestern swing, re-

couped yardage by electing a hand-picked candidate to the Senate and taking firmer grip on once Republican New Jersey counties. Meyner's headache: better-known Eastern Moderate Jack Kennedy.

Adlai Stevenson. He did not noticeably alter the campaign's outcome in the four states where he campaigned, did not increase or diminish his own chances for a third nomination. Stevenson denies all presidential ambition, gives the impression he will take the nomination only if the convention offers it to him.

Missouri's Stuart Symington. Running hard for prestige purposes against weak opposition, he bettered his 1952 showing, won a 375,000 plurality to establish a Missouri off-year record. Symington's advantage: he is No. 2 on nearly every list, presumably would pick up strong second-ballot support.

Michigan's Gerhard Mennen Williams. In winning an unprecedented sixth term as Governor, he lost polish. Reason: his 138,000 plurality was fifth best on the ticket, will discourage liberals outside Michigan from committing themselves, especially with Humphrey around.

ARKANSAS

Attack from Behind

For 16 years, Arkansas Congressman Brooks Hays worked conscientiously for the U.S. from an increasingly senior Foreign Affairs Committee seat, for his state on projects such as the Arkansas River development program. But Moderate Hays, who is also president of the 9,000-member Southern Baptist Convention, attempted in addition to smooth the inevitable course of integration; in mid-1957 he brought President Eisenhower and Arkansas' Governor Orval Faubus together at Newport, R.I. in an attempt to forestall the Little Rock crisis. Among Little Rock white supremacists, Brooks Hays, 60, has been unpopular ever since. Last week they kicked him out of Congress with a write-in campaign covertly sponsored by Orval Faubus.

The campaign caught Hays by surprise; in last July's primary he handily defeated a segregationist opponent, seemed sure of a ninth term. But then Dr. Dale Alford, 42, a Little Rock ophthalmologist and school-board member, announced against him as "Your Democratic Write-In." Public Service Commissioner and onetime Faubus Executive Secretary Claude Carpenter Jr. took over Alford's campaign. And Governor Faubus made discreet phone calls on behalf of Alford.

Hays tried to blunt the attack with another Southern Governor's endorsement, got Mississippi's James Plemon Coleman, an old friend, to come to his rescue. "The South needs you in her great struggle," announced Coleman bravely. Nevertheless, Hays lost by 1,200 votes out of 60,000. Last week Brooks Hays revealed how precarious has become the Southern moderate position. Said he of Coleman, already under attack at home: "I hope the people of Mississippi won't hold him responsible for my views."

MINNESOTA

Victory by Organization

Hours before the newspapers were ready to concede anything, Minnesota's pouncy senior Democratic Senator, Hubert Horatio Humphrey strode into the headquarters of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party in Minneapolis to congratulate Five-Term Congressman Eugene McCarthy for winning Minnesota's second Senate seat. Humphrey knew his voters; the hours rolled by, McCarthy rolled to a 70,000 margin victory over Stassenite Republican Ed Thyne, and the D.F.L.'s popular Governor, Orville Freeman, roared to re-election by 161,000 votes for a third term. Long before dawn it was clear that for the first time since the Depression, Minnesota's three top offices were in the hands of Democrats: Humphrey, 47, Freeman, 40, and McCarthy, 42.

How They Planned. Of all last week's Democratic victories, the Minnesota win was the surest payoff of painstaking party organization, of long-range planning, of relentless year-round politicking and careful selection of candidates.

When Humphrey, a druggist's son who learned his economics and his liberalism in South Dakota's dust bowl, pulled debilitated Democrats and Farmer-Laborites into the D.F.L. in 1944, Stassenite Republicans held all of Minnesota's top offices. The D.F.L. took a stand on a coalition platform of "sincere liberalism" that ranged (and still ranges) from high, rigid price supports for farmers to high unemployment insurance for labor, etc. Humphrey tramped the University of Minnesota, Rochester's Mayo Clinic, even high schools, recruited promising young liberals, put them to work in the tightly disciplined D.F.L. organizations and marked the comers as future candidates. Humphrey was elected to the Senate in 1948; Sidekick Orville Freeman won the governorship in 1954.

How They Won. Characteristically, the D.F.L.'s detail planning for Gene McCarthy's victory began last May. The problem: Republican Senator Thyne, 62, two-term Eisenhower Republican incumbent, had a great personal following of fellow Scandinavians, fellow Lutherans, fellow farmers; the D.F.L.'s challenger Gene McCarthy, onetime St. John's University economics professor and ten-year Congressman, was 1) a Catholic, and 2) an all-too-arch egghead type from St. Paul who might just get massacred by Ed Thyne in the farm counties. The D.F.L. decided that folksy Governor Freeman, a lead-pipe cinch for re-election, would give up some of his anticipated 200,000 majority to concentrate on working for Gene McCarthy in what Master Planner Humphrey called "a unified campaign." Specifically the D.F.L.:

❑ Ignored the political rule that candidates traveling and handshaking separately get more crowd exposure, sent Freeman and/or Humphrey handshaking in tandem with quick-to-learn Gene McCarthy.

❑ Refined a technique of farmers' socials, got local D.F.L. farm contacts to invite

neighbors for coffee and ice cream, drew 100-or-so hard-to-reach farmers at a time to shake friendly Humphrey-Freeman-McCarthy hands and hear out criticisms of Republican Ezra Benson (but rarely of respected Ed Thyne) in one sitting.

❑ Put on new-style women's tours in which the wives—Muriel Humphrey, Jane Freeman and Abigail McCarthy, old friends, old political pros—went on two-to-three-day outstate swings, shook more hands, won women's votes.

❑ Backed up the campaign teams by unifying all campaign staffs, coordinating congressional candidates and county chairmen, setting up adjoining headquarters in

THE STATES

The Propositions

Aside from the headline-grabbing right-to-work issue in six states, voters in most states had a yes-or-no say last week on assorted other public questions, ranging from whether to use state funds to build a nuclear-research reactor (Rhode Island —yes) to whether to legalize horse-race betting (Utah—no). In Colorado, Nebraska and various communities in New York and Delaware, voters decided to make an exception to antigambling laws and let churches, veterans' organizations, etc., hold bingo lotteries. Louisiana voters



WINNERS FREEMAN, HUMPHREY & MCCARTHY
To those who sought it, power.

Star Wayman—Life

St. Paul's dingy Capri Hotel, unifying all funds, spending wherever needed.

How They Dream. No sooner had the victory vote been wrapped up than the D.F.L. started work for 1960—when Humphrey himself is up for re-election and is also an offbeat Democratic presidential possibility. There were lessons to be learned from the D.F.L.'s 1958 failures—failure to hold free-wheeling Coya Knutson's Ninth District and need to develop a vigorous young replacement who would measure up to the D.F.L.'s home-loving and service-to-constituents standards. The D.F.L. was quick to recognize a new problem: in 1958 the long-moribund state G.O.P. developed some new county chairmen, new candidates, held two congressional seats the D.F.L. had fought hard for, held the state senate. Moreover, maverick-minded Minnesotans do not like one party to get too powerful whether Stassenite in the 1940s or D.F.L. in the 1950s.

But this kind of situation is D.F.L.'s meat. According to Humphrey's favorite maxim: "Power goes to those who seek it." And by defining "seek" to mean the kind of hard work that Republicans dislike, D.F.L. thinks it has the key to power in Minnesota for at least a decade.

approved a state constitutional amendment to permit use of school funds to aid children attending private segregated schools; California voters smothered an amendment that would have taken away the tax-exempt status of private schools.

As usual, many of the amendments and propositions involved spending more of the taxpayers' money or getting more money from taxpayers, and the voice of the people did not always give the obvious, pocketbook answers. California roundly rejected a labor-sponsored constitutional amendment to trim state sales taxes and make up the difference by upping income taxes on the higher income groups. Arkansas, by an astonishing margin of 5 to 2, voted to keep the state sales tax at 3% rather than lower it to 2%. Arkansas also voted to raise the salaries of state legislators from \$1,200 a year to \$3,600, but Texas and Oregon overwhelmingly rejected proposals to raise legislative pay. In the same frugal mood, Illinois voted against a state bonus for Korean war veterans.

Several ballot questions involved voting requirements. South Dakota voted no on lowering the voting age from 21 to 18. Missouri decided to allow new

residents to vote for the two national offices, President and Vice President, after only 60 days in the state, instead of the previous minimum of one year (but kept the old requirement for state and local offices). And **New Hampshire**, 38 years after the Nineteenth Amendment went into effect, finally got around to legalizing regular practice by amending the state constitution so as to recognize the right of women to vote.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Jolted Illusions

A cheerful observer wearing rose-colored glasses might have seen last week some hopeful signs of progress toward disarmament, especially if he focused on Geneva. Scheduled to begin behind locked

doors in Geneva this week was an East-West conference on technical aspects of reducing the threat of surprise attack. At another Geneva conference, U.S., British and Russian delegates were already in their second week of talks on nuclear-test suspension, though progress was stalled by the clash between Soviet insistence on stopping tests right away and "forever" and U.S.-British insistence that a fool-proof inspection system must precede any long-term agreement to halt tests. To help the conference's slender chances of success, the U.S. and Britain had, as of Oct. 31, halted nuclear tests for a one-year trial period on condition that the Soviet Union do the same.

But toward week's end, any illusions of progress toward negotiated disarmament got a sudden jolt. In Washington, the Atomic Energy Commission announced that the Soviet Union had set off two nuclear explosions since the start of the Geneva conference. The explosions, "both of relatively low yield," took place in southern Russia, said AEC, rather than at the Arctic site "where most of the tests in recent weeks have been held." Presi-

HEROES

The Ice-Cube Rescue

"Ice Skate" was a mile-square ice floe, 10 ft. thick. It drifted on the cap of the globe, beyond the Arctic Circle, whose mysteries are as dark as those faced by Columbus, Magellan, and De Soto. There,

swept over, first from one direction, then from another, moving the ice mass slowly to and fro with a sheer force that caused new cracks and pressure ridges.

A veteran of Air Force survival work, Captain James F. Smith, military commander of the team, kept a close watch on the melting mass, issued a series of radio reports to Ladd Air Force Base in Fairbanks, Alaska.

Oct. 21: Next 48 hours consider relatively critical. Darkness our major obstacle.

Oct. 23: Pressure ridges on all sides.

Nov. 2: Forty percent of floe to east and west has separated. Unable to reach runway for inspection. Overcast, dark, light snow. Crack threatens to separate homer [beacon] from camp . . . Two cracks separating northern 40% of runway . . . Recommend imminent abandoning.

Down on a Band-Aid. The rescue alert flashed within minutes. Air Force men, by now well oriented to the peculiarities of polar geography, knew that they could make a rescue just as fast from Strategic Air Command bases in Newfoundland and Greenland as from Alaskan Command points. From SAC's Thule Air Base in Greenland, cover planes flew across the earth's top to circle Ice Skate and keep in touch lest the camp homer beacon fail. At Harmon A.F.B. in Newfoundland, SAC put on standby two crack C-123J crews who were familiar with ice landings. This time, instead of landing on a 10,000-ft.-to-20,000-ft. airstrip, a single rescue plane had to make a dark-of-night touchdown on a Band-Aid-sized, 2,200-ft. strip while an escorting C-54 circled the area.

Wind, Snow & Tears. At length, as the weather cleared early last week, the rescue crews took off and headed for the floating island. There the men, lugging what gear they could, tramped through the blackness, stumbling through piles of ice, skirting cracks and ridges. At the runway, they lit gasoline- and paper-filled cans and magnesium flares and waited in the breathless cold as the C-123J cautiously turned for the airstrip. Says George Cvijanovich, scientific leader of the group: "It was really a mixture of astonishment and aesthetics, because the landing was aesthetic at the same time that it was astonishing. The plane was like a beautiful big bird. With those flares, and the lights of the plane white, like two eyes, it was really a living thing."

Seventeen minutes after the plane crunched to a stop on the ice cube, the men were safely in the air, bound for Newfoundland and home. The expert SAC crews who had participated in the rescue got a reward of Distinguished Flying Crosses and Air Medals, and the 20-man Ice Skate team came away with precious logbooks and a deserving niche in the saga of exploration. And behind them, still floating, was the disintegrating chip that remained of Ice Skate—a symbol of the mysterious mountains that crumble year after year before the determination of courageous men.



I.G.V. ARCTIC STATION "ICE SKATE"
Floating away, a symbol of man's determination.

dent Eisenhower promptly issued a statement notifying the world that "this action by the Soviet Union relieves the U.S. from any obligation under its offer to suspend nuclear-weapons tests." The U.S. would continue its suspension "for the time being," said the President, but if the Soviet Union did not "shortly" settle down to business and agree to a one-year halt, the U.S. "will be obliged to reconsider."

The tools of their trade: instruments and other equipment devised by modern man at his technological best—backed up, hundreds of miles away, by the U.S. Air Force's well-organized supply lines and standby rescue teams. Other invaluable tools: physical courage and determination. Nothing less than courage would serve the 20 lonely men drifting in the cold Arctic Sea through 20-hour summer days and 24-hour winter nights.

Obstacles in the Dark. Their troubles came with the warmth of spring and summer. Ice Skate was cracking. The airstrip had already crumbled away from the rest of the floe. Again and again they built new strips as their drifting cake crumbled and chipped apart. Heavy windstorms

FOREIGN NEWS

THE MIDDLE EAST

The Trouble with Unity

Only last summer, when revolt blazed in Beirut and Baghdad, most of the prophets on the scene forecast that the racing fires of Arab nationalism must shortly fuse the Arab East into one great state. Realists urged the West to quit backing losing friends and to get right with the winners. They pointed to the miserable conditions in the lands ruled by Western allies, but had less to say about the unchanging misery in the lands of the winners. Nasser himself seemed almost plausible when he shouted that scheming colonialists had split the Middle East to rule it, drawing their arbitrary lines of empire across the indivisible Arab sands.

Yet last week the world was discovering once more that it takes only a brief spell of quiet to revive the ancient animosities and divisions that have made Arab unity largely fiction ever since the Prophet's heirs fell out more than 1,300 years ago. Egypt was embroiled with its neighbors—the Sudan, Libya, Tunisia—as well as with others who, fearing the power of Nasser's propaganda, dared not defy him publicly. In Iraq, whose revolutionary regime seized power in the name of Arab unity, the ruling officers quarreled, and the uprising, far from ending the historic rivalry between Egypt and Iraq, appears only to have sharpened it.

Divide & Rule. The latest twist in Middle East rivalry is that imperialist Moscow is back at playing a divide-and-rule game among the Arabs. Only six months ago, Khrushchev had told Nasser in Moscow: "You will have all necessary help from us" in uniting the Arab people. But despite their recent promise to lend



NASSER & MUKHITDINOV
Tying strings.

money for the Aswan Dam, the Reds are tying more and more knots in their tight economic strings on Cairo. And the Communist Party is emerging in Syria and Iraq as the violent foe of further Arab unity under Nasser. The Communists know that Nasser suppresses the party in Egypt, and that he took over Syria when its leaders felt that the only alternative was going Communist.

The latest Communist switch dates from September, with the arrival in Cairo of the Soviet Union's newest authority on Middle East affairs, Nuritdin Akramovich Mukhitdinov, 41, a Moslem from Tashkent who last year was promoted to the ruling Soviet Presidium, is its youngest member and only Moslem. Shortly after Mukhitdinov had four sessions with Nasser. Syrian Communist Chief Khaled Bakdash returned from exile in Eastern Europe to Damascus, and Mustafa Barzani, famed Kurdish rebel long harbored in Soviet exile, arrived back in Iraq. The Kurds (whose great leader in the time of the Crusades was Saladin) are a volatile minority of 5,000,000, spread across Turkey, Syria, Iraq, Iran and southern Russia. Openly defying Nasser's ban on party politics, Bakdash is publishing a Communist newspaper in Syria. But Barzani remains harmlessly holed up so far in Baghdad—presumably because Iraq's Premier Kassem is resisting Nasser's merger, which suits Moscow's desires.

Rock & Rule. The U.S., committed to helping preserve the independence of Middle East countries that ask its help, had shored up Lebanon and is now underwriting Jordan. This week the test of whether Arab nations can keep their independence—even such an impoverished sand kingdom as Jordan—is being put to

the test. Less than three weeks after British troops left, the confident young King Hussein planned to take off for a three-week "convalescent leave" and vacation in Europe. The question was whether his nation would stay quiet in his absence, under tight police control inside and the counterbalancing of rival ambitions outside. The Middle East was showing no signs of coming to rest.

IRAQ

The Helpful Communists

In the four months since he took over Iraq by a brutal army revolt, General Karim Kassem has learned that power is not to be wielded without politics. At first, he tried to rule by rigid army control. But his top lieutenant in the July revolt, hotheaded Colonel Abdul Salam Mohammed Aref, soon took the burning issue from the barracks to the streets. He rushed about the country stirring up crowds for speedy union with Nasser's United Arab Republic. Kassem preferred to talk fervently of brotherhood with Nasser, while keeping Iraq independent.

Despite all the emotional appeal of Arabic unity to illiterate and hungry people, there were powerful reasons for independence: Baghdad's traditional rivalry with Cairo, neighboring Syria's melancholy experience as a Nasser satellite, the fact that Iraq's \$200 million-a-year oil royalties would probably all go to oilless Egypt. Besides, Iraq's more than a million Kurds, a restless minority, have no desire to be drowned in a wider Arab sea. A month ago Kassem, unwilling to sit too hard on the only fellow conspirator privy to the timing of the overthrow of Nuri as-Said and the royal family, made Aref



KASSEM
Keeping free.

Larry Burrows—Life



AREF
Running home.

Ambassador to West Germany. But Aref, though he turned up at the Brussels Fair, never reported for duty in Bonn. And last week, against orders, he popped up back in Baghdad.

At Baghdad's airport, Aref was spotted at once by an alert army officer, and his taxi was followed by two army jeeps. Escorted to Kassem's office, he refused to quit the country again. Kassem thereupon arrested his old comrade. Moving to head off the expected explosion among Aref's army and political followers, Kassem quietly ordered an estimated dozen of Aref's army buddies taken into custody. Then, repeating his maneuver of last September, when he coupled the promise of land reform with the announcement of Aref's demotion, Kassem softened the late-night radio broadcast of Aref's arrest "for plotting against the national safety" by a timely decree boosting pay for the armed forces and police, allotting free seed for farmers, and promoting to the next class all students who failed last spring's exams.

Rule of Thumbs. Soon thousands of petitions, many signed by the thumbprints of illiterates, began pouring in, in praise of Kassem's leadership. Next morning the greatest crowd to assemble since the July revolt jammed Baghdad's Rashid Street for more than a mile chanting, "We are behind you, Karim," and "Long live the solidarity of the army and the people." Government officials privately conceded this massive muster was largely organized, like the anti-Aref demonstrations last month, by Iraq's Communists.

The Communists are the only street organization Kassem has, and, playing the game they played so long with Sukarno in Indonesia, they show themselves more loyal than anyone else to the nation's boss, increasing his dependence on them. Moscow obviously wants (as does the U.S. and Britain) an independent Iraq as a counterweight to Nasser.

Their underground cadres reinforced by scores of leaders released from the old regime's jails, the Communists have now emerged as the strongest political force supporting Premier Kassem. Still technically illegal, they flaunt no made-in-Moscow labels. But last week's show had plenty of telltale signs: banners calling Kassem "hero of peace partisans," scores of Picasso peace doves, tightly disciplined units with banners bearing such names as "Democratic Youth Organization" and "Peoples Peace Fighters."

From Arms to Arms. Premier Kassem tells callers that 1) he can and will suppress the Communists if necessary, and 2) the revolution is so threatened by its enemies that he must accept any help available. But U.S. and British help is discouraged or goes uncredited: it is too linked with Nuri's day, and with continuing propaganda against the imperialists. Within the government, Economics Minister Ibrahim Kubba and Propaganda Boss Fakhri are extreme left-wingers if not Communists, and party members have infiltrated as the government replaced 4,000 sacked civil servants of the old regime. Says a U.S. observer: "If things

go on like this, we shouldn't be surprised if Iraq becomes a Communist state within twelve months." The outcome as of now appears to turn almost entirely on the firmness and sagacity of Abdul Karim Kassem and on his ability to shuck off the Communists at the critical moment, as he so casually boasts he can.

FRANCE

Cross of Lorraine

In the last resort, everything depended on the Prime Minister. He, deep down, could not bring himself to admit the independence of Free France. What was more, Mr. Churchill, each time we came into collision on account of the interests



CHURCHILL & DE GAULLE
Mellow in the autumn.

for which we were respectively responsible, treated our disagreement as a personal thing. He was hurt by it and grieved . . . This attitude of mind and sentiment, added to the devices of his political tactics, plunged him into fits of anger which gave our relationship some rude shocks.

—Charles de Gaulle: *The Call to Honor*

In these pages various severe statements, based on the events of the moment, are set down about General de Gaulle, and certainly I had continuous difficulties and many sharp antagonisms with him. There was however a dominant element in our relationship. I could not regard him as representing captive and prostrate France, nor indeed the France that had a right to decide freely the future for herself. I knew he was no friend of England.

—Winston Churchill: *The Hinge of Fate*

These embittered opinions last week seemed long ago and far away. Mellowed by events, tall, uniformed General Charles de Gaulle, 67, and aging Sir Winston Churchill, 83, met for the first time in 14 years in the gardens of the Hôtel Matignon, the Paris office-residence of the Premiers of France. The grey, windswept day, with leaves blowing across the garden, had an autumnal look, as did the two figures involved—one in topcoat and scarf, leaning heavily on a stick, and the other still erect but no longer trim. As some 60 top-ranking British and French officers and officials crowded around, De Gaulle pinned to Churchill's overcoat the two-barred Cross of Lorraine, symbol of the Order of Liberation, the highest decoration of the Free French forces.*

As if to mock Churchill's famed crack that the Cross of Lorraine was the heaviest he had to bear, he was presented with a cross carved out of pure crystal and weighing three pounds. No sly repayment of old wounds was intended (A great leader, De Gaulle once wrote, "only slightly tastes the savor of his revenge, because action absorbs him entirely"). Instead, removing his two-starred kepi, De Gaulle gave Churchill the standard French embrace of a peck on both cheeks.

Visibly moved, Churchill thanked his "old friend and comrade, General de Gaulle," and added that he is "the symbol of the soul of France and the unbreakable integrity of her spirit in adversity." Churchill said all this in English, recalling that in wartime he had often spoken to Frenchmen in their own language, but now did not "wish to subject you to the ordeal of darker and sterner days."

De Gaulle, in French, replied: "I want him to know this: he who has just had the honor of decorating him esteems him and admires him today more than ever." De Gaulle ended the brief ceremony by crying: "Vive Churchill! Vive l'Angleterre! Vive la France!"

To the Polls!

Scarcely six months after the final wave of anti-parliamentarianism that led to the overthrow of the Fourth Republic, French voters this week were again preparing to elect Deputies, but with a difference: under the Fifth Republic, Charles de Gaulle has sliced away most of the power of the National Assembly. But the French passion for officeholding brought out 2,822 candidates for only 465 seats in Metropolitan France. In one Parisian district, 16 political hopefuls are battling for the district's single seat. Of the 544 Deputies who had served in the discredited Assembly of the Fourth Republic, 90% are again standing as candidates.

One-Armed Veterans. The candidates include the owner of the Folies-Bergère and the director of France's largest insane asylum. There are taxi drivers and mil-

* Awarded to 1,054 members, including two heads of state—President Eisenhower and King Mohammed V of Morocco—as well as to seven listed only as "X," whose names are kept in sealed envelopes against the future day when their services to France can be revealed.

lionaires, market gardeners, dentists, and an explorer of the Amazon basin. And there were old faces in new guises, such as former Premier Georges Bidault, heading a new party that he calls the Christian Democrats, even though he is still honorary president of the once powerful Catholic M.R.P. party.

There was one innovation: 20 of the candidates come from the French army, many of them straight from the fighting in Algeria. They are mostly right-wingers, ranging from General Lionel Chassin, a retired air force officer who leads a fascist-minded splinter group, to Colonel Robert Thomazo (nicknamed "Leathernose" because of a patch he wears over a war wound). In Paris, a one-armed veteran of World War I is opposing a one-armed veteran of World War II.

With the exception of three groups—the Communists, the right-wing Poujadists and a left-wing cluster headed by Pierre Mendès-France—all parties contesting the Nov. 23 elections have resolutely draped themselves in the banner of De Gaulle, although the Premier had sternly announced that he did not wish his name linked with that of any candidate, "even as an adjective." Newspaper offices and picture agencies got scores of phone calls from candidates hopefully asking for pictures showing them together with *le Grand Charles* on some past occasion. De Gaulle himself, sternly above the battle, personally saw to it that no one gerrymandered the constituencies of two anti-Gaullists, Mendès-France and François Mitterrand, so as to cause their defeat.

Strong-Armed Balanceurs. As a guide to voters, *France-Soir* published a glossary of political terms that made the French campaign sound much like one in Boston's Ward 17 during Mayor James M. Curley's palmist days. A *baron* is a heckler who interrupts meetings with prearranged questions enabling the orator to make brilliant rejoinders; a *saucepan* is the constant heckler sent by an opponent to haunt a rival's meeting. The *saucepan* is usually dealt with by one's own *balanceur*, or strong-armed bouncer. A *locomotive* is a film star or other celebrity who appears on the platform with a candidate and pulls in the crowd.

Undeniably the most powerful locomotive in France today, though he would make no personal appearances, is De Gaulle himself. The Socialists, whose leader Guy Mollet is one of De Gaulle's lieutenants, are expected to win the most seats. The Communists, who held one-fourth the seats last time, are expected to lose from 10% to 20% of them.

Snag in Algeria

Charles de Gaulle's top aides were on the phone to Algiers a dozen times a day. At each call their gloom deepened: De Gaulle's grand design for Algeria had struck a deep snag.

Buoyed by the astonishing Moslem turnout (nearly 3,000,000) and the whopping 96% yes vote for his new constitution in September's referendum, De Gaulle had offered the Moslems 46 of the 67



JOHANNESBURG POLICEMAN SWINGING STICK ON DEMONSTRATING WOMEN

CHASING WOMEN IN SOUTH AFRICA

ONCE upon a time, black women in South Africa had an advantage over the men: they at least did not have to carry the pass which must be signed by some white authority every time a native changes jobs or stays in another town for more than 72 hours. Recently the government of Hendrik Verwoerd, going beyond the black regimentation of his predecessors, decided to enforce more strictly the rule that all South African women over 16 should carry passes. All told, 900,000 "reference books" had been issued, and though the campaign met with protests and occasional violence, it was not until the government tried to extend its policy last month to the big city of Johannesburg, that it found it had seriously underestimated the power of the women.

The black women of Johannesburg adopted an unusual strategy: not to avoid arrest but to welcome the chance to overcrowd the jails. Morning after morning, they would board buses in the suburbs, some carrying umbrellas, others carrying babies on their backs, and head for the grimy brick

building that houses the pass office. There they would chant, "*Sera sa motho ke pasa* [The pass is the enemy of man]," and sometimes they would hurl an insult: "Let the Prime Minister give his own wife a pass if he wants them!"

Swinging sticks (see above) or using their handcuffs as clubs (see below), the police chased women away, and rounded up resisters by the truckload. In one day alone last week, 128 women were found guilty of unlawful demonstration, fined \$9 apiece (two weeks' wages) with the alternative of one month in jail. Cried one: "We are all washermen. Please give us time to pay our fines." Next day 248 more went on trial. But in spite of the government's efforts, the black women's campaign against carrying the hated pass seems only to be beginning. Ex-Chief Albert Luthuli, President General of the African National Congress, called upon men to join the resistance. "The men of South Africa," said he, "will not stand by and see their women suffer the indignities that they have experienced under the pass laws."

POLICEMAN DISPERSING CROWD BY FLAILING WITH HANDCUFFS



seats from Algeria in the new National Assembly in Paris. He hoped that among the Moslems chosen in this month's Assembly elections he would find *interlocuteurs*—moderate Moslems who were neither servile *beni-oui-oui* (yes men to the French) nor extremist backers of the rebel F.L.N.

But last week De Gaulle and his aides discovered that it was one thing to procure, with the French army's help, a big turnout at the polls, and quite another to find Moslems willing to run for office. In the first five days that the lists were open, not a single Moslem volunteered to run. At week's end only a scattered few had come forward, and most were familiar *beni-oui-ouis*.

The reluctance of the Moslems was partly based on fear of the F.L.N., which could not make good on its death threats against the 3,000,000 Moslems who voted in the referendum, but could easily pick off the few that ran for office. Besides, many moderate Moslems seemed to feel that, if De Gaulle's government was eventually going to deal with the F.L.N., they should not appear as candidates in an election that the F.L.N. had condemned as "null and void."

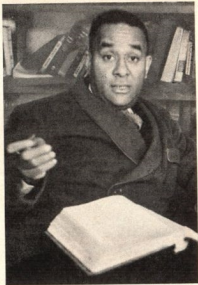
In alarm over this setback to the government's hopes, General Raoul Salan, French army commander in Algeria, in a special broadcast, promised the Moslems complete freedom in campaigning and full protection in voting. De Gaulle would not listen to the appeals of the hesitant that the elections be postponed. "This is an incident," said he calmly. "There will be others."

Amid the Alien Corn

The U.S. expatriates of the '20s clung to Paris as long as their money—or their parents' money—held out against the Depression. Today, in duffel coats and beards, a new generation of expatriates throngs Le Select and Les Deux Magots. But a sizable number of the U.S. exiles, and the most stable group among them, are seldom seen in the Left Bank cafés. They are Negro artists and writers.

The Negro intellectuals usually live separated from one another, and most have settled into French life in a way that is rare for their white compatriots. At moments of acute homesickness, an American Negro may stop at the Café le Tournon, a student bistro near the Luxembourg where he will find similarly afflicted friends, or—tempted by the thought of barbecued spare ribs, corn bread and deep-dish apple pie—he will drop into Leroy & Gabby's, near the Place Pigalle.

Voluntary Exiles. Some Negro artists have done impressively well. Writer Chester Himes, 49, from Jefferson City, Mo., last week won the *Grand Prix de Littérature Policière* for his novel, *La Reine des Pommes*, a roman noir or dark-toned crime story that was hailed by Author Jean Giono as "the most extraordinary novel I have read in a long time," and praised by Jean Cocteau as "a prodigious masterpiece." Sculptor Harold Cousins, from Washington, D.C., has lived nine



RICHARD WRIGHT
More natural.

Gisele Freund

years in Paris, sold a sculpture last month to the Claude Bernard Gallery, and has been commissioned by Susse, the famed bronze caster, to do a mobile. Painter Beauford Delaunay, from Tennessee, lives in a small cottage in suburban Clamart and exhibits his work at the *avant-garde* Facchetti Gallery on the Left Bank.

Racial discrimination in the U.S. gave most of the Parisian Negroes the initial push toward self-exile, but they stay in France for other reasons. Chester Himes concedes that "in America you have this personal problem, of course. But that's not what I mean about France. I like France, and can work here because everybody, and I mean everybody—the concierge as well as the intellectual—respects



WRITERS GIONO & HIMES
More leisurely.

Paris-Match

creative work. They understand writers and help them."

Philadelphian William Gardner Smith, author of *Last of the Conquerors*, a study of Negro G.I.s in Germany, lives in a working-class quarter in Paris where Americans are seldom seen. He feels that in the U.S. "one wastes too much time being angry. Life here is more natural, more leisurely. In discussions with French people, they never say, 'How do you, a Negro, see this?' They simply ask, 'How do you see it?' In Paris you forget the color of your skin."

Painter Ollie Harrington, who earns his living as a cartoonist for the Pittsburgh *Courier* and other Negro newspapers, enjoys the freedom to travel. "I like to swim and ski and deep-sea fish, all strictly restricted in the U.S. Here I can step into my car and drive wherever I like, certain that at the end of the day I will find a good hotel and a good restaurant, and that I can sit down without attracting the slightest attention, or exciting curiosity. In Sweden, that's still another matter; they run after you there. I can do without that, too."

Richard (*Native Son*) Wright, the dean of Negro writers abroad, says bluntly: "I like to live in France because it is a free country. Then there are my daughters. They are receiving an excellent education in France." What of the danger of getting out of touch with U.S. life? Says Wright: "The Negro problem in America has not changed in 300 years." Other Negro writers are not so sure. William Gardner Smith confesses that "the biggest problem I have is missing my roots. I've no intention of writing about France, much as I like France. It's not my homeland. But if I'm going to be writing about the States, something may be wrong, little nuances. I'm very far from my country."

Welcome Home. Richard Gibson, in Manhattan from Paris for the publication of his new novel, *A Mirror for Magistrates*, points out that other Negro writers (Ralph Ellison, William Demby, Ben Johnson) have chosen Rome for their voluntary exile. He says: "All these people are in Europe because of social and political causes which everyone knows. The bright young white boys, after the end of their Fulbright scholarships, are able to return with reasonably light hearts to the dens of Madison Avenue or to the provincial Ph.D. factories. It is still impossible for an American Negro to return to the land of his birth in the same spirit."

RUSSIA

Pasternak's Retreat

"I accepted the award of the Nobel Prize as a literary distinction. I rejoiced . . . But I was wrong." White-haired Russian Poet-Novelist Boris Pasternak wrote these abject words in *Pravda* last week, and the Soviet news agency Tass triumphantly fired them round the world as Pasternak's "confession" that the Swedish prize committee's award to him last month had been "political."

It was a mean little gain for Soviet propaganda, and a larger defeat for hu-

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GREEN PEA with HAM

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man dignity. Yet if Pasternak's letter was a retreat, it was not a complete capitulation. A Russian patriot, he had plainly not enjoyed being trapped in the no man's land of the East-West cold war. No political figure, asking only of politics that it not destroy all that he holds more dear, Boris Pasternak, during the blackest years of Stalin's tyranny, had aloofly "listened to the world through his soul":

*With a muffler round my throat, shielding myself with the palm of my hand,
I call out in the courtyard: "What millennium are we celebrating here?"*

By the Rules. When Stalin died, Pasternak wrote his novel *Doctor Zhivago* out of a passionate Christian conviction that salvation is possible only through the individual human spirit. He had shown that spirit in conflict with Soviet society, against which he had sharp things to say—but he had not written merely a political tract. Yet his message undercut the whole dogma of the socialist panacea, as Pasternak's Moscow editors worriedly said in their surprisingly mild 1956 letter of rejection, which was made public in Russia last fortnight.

An old man who has lived through 40 years of Communist rule, Pasternak has had to learn to live by the rules in contemporary Russia. He turned down the Nobel Prize; he addressed an eloquent personal plea to Nikita Khrushchev ("To leave my country would be death") against the exile that the party literary hacks led by David Zaslavsky were insistently demanding. And when all this was not enough, he wrote to *Pravda*.

The Artist's Fable. Without ever repudiating *Doctor Zhivago*—which, he repeated, had been published abroad without his authority—Pasternak expressed only regrets at the way in which some had interpreted it. "After the end of the week, when I saw the scope of the political campaign around my novel, I realized myself that this award was a political measure." His Soviet editors, wrote Pasternak, "warned me that the novel might be understood as a work directed against the October Revolution and the founders of the Soviet system. I did not realize this, and I now regret it."

But after listing the main criticisms put forward by his Moscow editors in their letter of rejection, he added impatiently: "I cannot endorse such clumsy allegations," even though "I finally gave up the prize" because of them. He even managed, by pointing out that he was nominated for the Nobel Prize five years ago (long before *Doctor Zhivago* had been printed and read in the West), to signal to *Pravda*'s readers his answer to the charge that the award was a purely political act.

Returning from Russia, British Laborite M.P. Richard Crossman reported last week: "This decision not to publish Pasternak has caused a first-class sensation in Moscow. Indeed, I found every Russian anxious to talk to me about it and discuss the pros and cons." The sensation would continue, and Pasternak's recanta-

tion in *Pravda* was bound to widen the Russians' curiosity about the great work they were not allowed to read. Years ago Poet Pasternak had warned:

*In vain during the days of the Great Soviet,
When seats are assigned to Supreme Authority,
Is the poet's place reserved:
It is dangerous if it is not vacant.*

WEST GERMANY

Help Yourself

When the Asians heard that Ludwig Erhard was coming, many of them expected to see an open purse. Was not Economics Minister Erhard the engineer of the West German recovery "miracle"? Was not West Germany so prosperous, its coffers so filled, its technicians so talented that it could give help to poorer nations?



MINISTER ERHARD
Tell them how.

Setting forth last month, armed with a hoard of cigars to chain-smoke, rotund Minister Erhard announced that he was going East with an open mind.

As he rolled across Asia, Ludwig Erhard opened his mouth but not West Germany's purse. Everywhere he went, he dropped free—and sometimes unwanted—advice.

India. West German industrialists are eager to invest in India, he said—if they get 51% partnership in the capital of new industries. Indian private enterprise, he told Nehru, should have more freedom, and India should beware of "too much planning." Foreign investors want guarantees against "political risks."

Ceylon. "I cannot deny that among all the countries I have visited, Ceylon is politically perhaps the most restless, and this causes concern." Ceylon is too conscious of its past colonial subjugation, he said. "It will be much better to ask for

foreign aid. It will increase your national income so that you can increase taxes. You need not fear foreign influence, or new foreign domination."

Viet Nam. Raw material producers who suffer from falling prices should not simply increase production of their rice, tin or rubber. They should boost quality, not quantity: rubber producers, for example, should strive to make their product more competitive against synthetic rubber.

South Korea. "How can you expect foreign investment when your own businessmen distrust your own currency, and your own banks charge your businessmen interest of 4% a month on loans?"

Japan. "Japanese exports to Europe are too low-priced. If your prices are 10% lower than ours, that can be tolerated. But they are between 30% and 50% lower, and that cannot be tolerated. Your wage levels will have to rise. Japan is placing too much emphasis on exports."

The Japanese had hoped for German "cooperation" in recovering markets in Southeast Asia. They could expect competition instead. Said Erhard: "Competition is not an act of hostility, but a method of development: the more, the better. Japan has an important role to play in developing Southeast Asia, but she will find it quite a task. I have noted certain resistances to Japan in those countries."

Erhard's summary of Asia: "Far too much trading, far too little production. They all want giant plants. This makes little sense. They have to work from the bottom up and enlist the masses in projects that the masses can see are for their good. Instead of giant plants, there should be improved farming and simple machines for small-scale craftsmen."

And then, having told everybody what to do, Erhard headed home.

GHANA

The Law in His Hands

In the year and a half since his inexperienced land of 65 tribes and assorted chiefs and chiefsdoms won its independence, Ghana's U.S.-educated Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah has shown little tolerance for those who oppose him. But one thing has kept him from having his way: a compromise constitution, worked out by the British, which set up five regional assemblies to serve alongside the traditional Houses of Chiefs as a permanent check on the central government. That sort of democratic balance has never been to Nkrumah's liking. Last week he set out to remove it.

"Quite frankly," he told Parliament, "my government accepted the constitution as drawn up in the United Kingdom with grave misgivings." He introduced a bill that would enable the government to amend key clauses of the constitution, not by a two-thirds majority in both Parliament and the regional assemblies, but by a simple majority of the Parliament alone, where he controls 80 out of 104 seats. The present arrangement, he blandly explained, made it much too easy for any-



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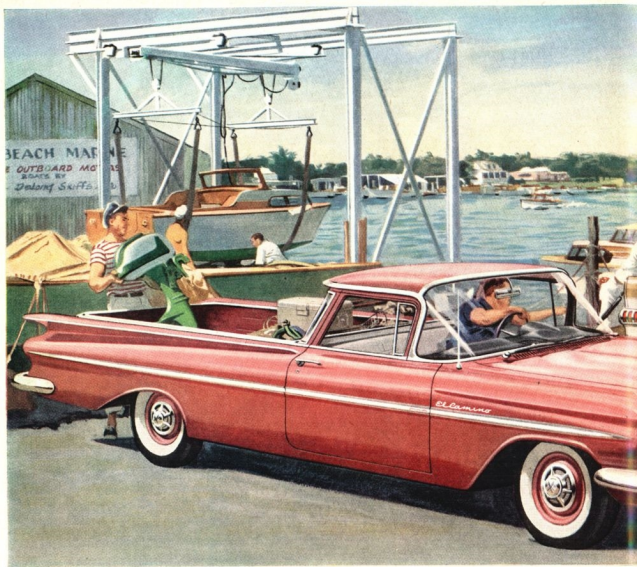
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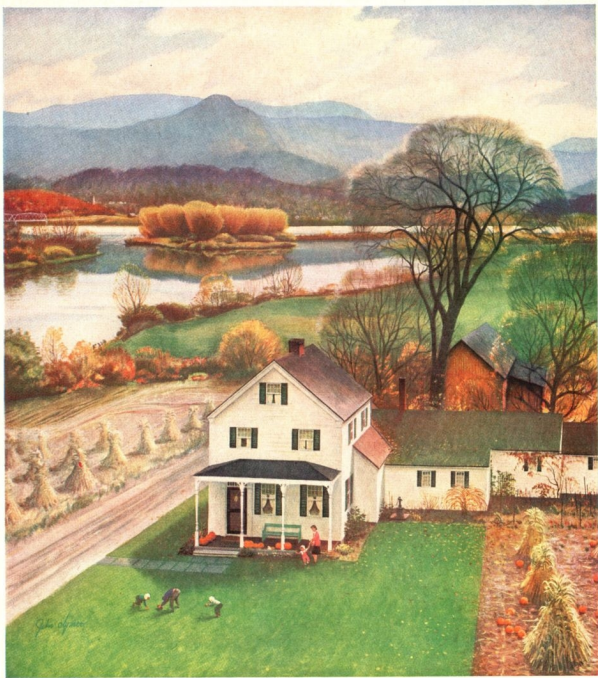
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one "to challenge much of the legislation required for social improvement and industrial development on the grounds that it is contrary to the constitution."

Opposition Leader K. A. Busia objected that without the two-thirds safeguard "the constitution will become a fragile document on which no one can rely, since it can be changed any day or any moment." The opposition saw Nkrumah's proposal as just one more step toward the complete abolition of the regional assemblies in favor of an all-powerful central government. Nkrumah frankly agreed; the regional assemblies, he said, were "a rape on Mother Ghana," and had produced a "leprous baby." Opposition M.P.s cried, "What's the hurry? What's the hurry?" as Nkrumah rammed through a second reading of the bill. With debate so curtailed, the opposition announced it would hold a public meeting of protest. But when the dissenters gathered at the appointed place, they found it cordoned off by 200 helmeted policemen armed with truncheons.

Nkrumah had the votes to have his way, and the power to enforce it, and plainly intended to continue de-stooling chiefs and deporting opponents. Like the soldiers who have lately taken power all over Southeast Asia, Nkrumah, no soldier, argues that the classic restraints of 18th century constitutional liberalism do not fit the situation he confronts. But on him—and on them—rests the burden of proof that backward steps will result in greater steps forward.

JAPAN

The Rose & the Thorn

The Japanese, so often accused of slavish copying, are capable of adding their own fantastic variations to what they borrow. Take parliamentary government, for example.

Wary of always being outvoted in the Diet, the Socialists have tried to outshout and outbawl their opponents, at times reducing Japan's postwar democracy to a mess. Faced with these outbursts, Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi remained politely placid, meek and smiling. "But Kishi's smile," the Socialists admit with just a trace of admiration, "is like a rose—it has thorns that slash." Last week, faced with the toughest battle in his 21 months in office, Kishi injected some thorny parliamentary shenanigans of his own.

Trouble in the House. Ever since he introduced his Police Duties Execution Bill to cope with the nation's alarming rise in crime and labor violence (TIME, Nov. 3), Kishi has been denounced by the unions and the Socialists for wanting to return to harsh prewar police rule. Last week 180,000 coal miners, 60,000 postal and 50,000 telegraph workers went on strike in protest. Railroad workers forced the cancellation of 150 train schedules, and a brief teachers' walkout closed half the nation's schools. But Kishi's most nettlesome problem was in the Diet itself.

Only four out of 46 bills introduced this session have been passed, and the Diet was scheduled to adjourn before week's end. Kishi decided to have the Diet's Speaker announce a 30-day extension.

The only trouble with the idea was that the Socialists do not hesitate to kidnap Speakers to keep them from performing their duties. Kishi took the precaution of secluding both the Speaker and his deputy in another part of the Diet building. When the Socialists discovered that their intended victims had disappeared from their offices, they stationed guards at each chamber door to keep them out. For good measure, they disconnected the electric bell that the Speaker rings to call a plenary session of the house to order. That, they thought, should do the trick: no Speaker, no bell, no session. But all of a sudden, the bell rang out—it was hooked up to an emergency wire that the Socialists did not know about. Just as



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Watch the Diet.

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suddenly, up popped Vice Speaker Saburo Shikuma. He announced quickly that the session would be extended 30 days, and then bobbed down again, to an outburst of Liberal-Democrat banzais.

To the Men's Room. Enraged, the Socialists started after Shikuma, who, hiding his face in his sleeve, had been smuggled into the chamber before the session began and had been waiting, crouched between two desks, for his cue. When Shikuma managed to escape behind a phalanx of progovernment members, the Socialists turned on a regular Diet guard, accused him of allowing the getaway, and began strangling him. "Violent revolution," cried the secretary-general of the Socialists, "is the only road to power!" As members and their male sec-

® Wearing cap of the St. Louis Cardinals, who last week were touring Japan.

retaries began flailing away at one another, 300 left-wing students forced their way into the building to join the fray. And where was Kishi? "In the toilet," someone said. The Socialists headed for the men's room to get their man. He was not there. As soon as he heard the bell go off, he had sneaked away home.

"The 30-day extension," Prime Minister Kishi announced tartly, "is now an accomplished fact." But at week's end, disturbed by the public unrest over his police legislation, Kishi took the unprecedented step of consulting his three elderly living predecessors. Their advice: quit trying to jam through the unpopular police bill now.

RED CHINA

No Questions, Please

Among the traditional Chinese sayings Mao Tse-tung likes to quote is the one about a fool: "He lifted the rock only to crush his feet." Last week, in a rare display of defensiveness, Chairman Mao was busily reassuring his subjects that he had not dropped the rocky island of Quemoy on his toes.

Apparently even Red China's disciplined masses had found the sudden shifts in Peking's Quemoy policy too much to swallow. Only two months ago millions of Chinese students and workers were whipped into a synthetic frenzy of rage at "U.S. invasion" of Quemoy and the other offshore islands (TIME, Sept. 22). Scarcely had these demonstrations reached the proper pitch of hysteria when Peking did an about-face, proclaimed first a cease-fire and then its present senseless policy of shelling Quemoy only on alternate days, as if to show that if Red China could not take the islands, it could kill innocent people on them at will. "Some Communists may not yet understand this," conceded a government directive which Western experts thought bore the markings of having been written by Mao himself. But, added the directive, "You will understand after a while, comrades."

To make sure the comrades did understand, China's propaganda mills last week ground out a selected anthology of Mao's speeches and writings over the past 18 years entitled, "Imperialists and All Reactionaries Are Paper Tigers." Its gist: U.S. military superiority over Red China will ultimately prove as transient as did that of the Japanese and the Nationalist Chinese.

Nowhere in Mao's reflections was there any direct reference to Quemoy, but the thousands of "study groups" convened to discuss the new publication were quick to get the point. "Under the brilliant leadership of Chairman Mao," proclaimed a military school teacher, "we have gone from victory to victory. So long as we hold aloft the Red banner of Chairman Mao in ideology, we shall always triumph." In other words: don't ask questions; Mao has always been right before, and he must have something up his sleeve this time.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Move Over, Cousin

In London's Royal Albert Hall, Canada's Prime Minister John Diefenbaker rose last week and told 6,000 Britons, including Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, that Canada proposes to "overtake the United Kingdom in national income and output in the next quarter-century or so."

Swept to power last March when he sold his vision of a greater Canada to Canadian voters, Diefenbaker was off on a 27,000-mile, seven-week world tour to sell greater Canada to the world. He has a good case. Canada's economy has spurred faster since World War II than Britain's or the U.S.'s. The nation's population has shot ahead 37% v. 25% for the U.S., 4% for Britain, 14% for France. Its standard of living outdistances every nation's but the U.S.'s. Full of such assertive confidence, Diefenbaker intends to champion Commonwealth trade and mutual aid—and he means that Canada will provide the aid. "The question which occupies us most urgently," he said in London, "is not whether we should help less developed nations, but in what form our assistance will be most welcome."

Lord Beaverbrook's Empire-thumping *Evening Standard* delightedly grumped: "To many in this country, it must seem regrettable that the movement to galvanize the Commonwealth should have sprung from Ottawa rather than London." By and large Britons were pleased at their cousin's bumptiousness; the *Times* headlined approvingly, CANADA'S RIGHT TO SHARE THE BURDEN.

From London Diefenbaker flew to a whirlwind day in Paris, chiefly spent with Premier Charles de Gaulle, hopped on to Bonn and a brisk handshake from Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. To both he expressed concern that the six-nation European Common Market might shut out Canadian farm products; e.g., in 1957, 30% of Canada's exported wheat went to these six countries. He indicated Canada could not agree to De Gaulle's proposed French-British-U.S. NATO triumvirate. After Rome this week, Diefenbaker will head to Pakistan, part of the Commonwealth he hopes to galvanize.

THE WEST INDIES

Island's Rights

The nation that calls itself the West Indies is only ten months old, but last week the major politicians of its fastest growing island member, Jamaica, threatened to secede. The inevitable dispute: island's rights v. federal power.

At present issue is a simmering deal to build a \$15 million plant to refine Venezuelan crude oil in Jamaica. Barbados-born, U.S.-naturalized oilman Frank Desmond St. Hilaire proposes to finance a 16,500-bbl.-a-day refinery at Kingston,



London Daily Express
DIEFENBAKER & MACMILLAN
Need any help, Mac?

bankrolled by the U.S.'s Colorado Oil & Gas Corp. But Jamaica's legislature must pass a bill giving him a 15-year monopoly on oil refining in Jamaica—plus enticing tax concessions.

Jamaica is ready and willing to grant the concession, but Federal Prime Minister Sir Grantley Adams loudly objects. Under the constitution, Adams must run the federation on an income of \$5,000,000, chipped in by the island members. When the federation is five years old, he will be able to pass income-tax laws that will give the federal government more means and more power. In the meantime, he looks with suspicion on any possible crippling tax concessions granted by the in-



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ROCKEFELLER IN VENEZUELA
Need any money, neighbors?

dividual territories. Before leaving last month for Canada, he issued a warning. "If island after island," he said, "were to create monopoly situations that would make impossible the achievement of a customs union and an efficacious federal income tax policy, then the federal government could not remain passive."

By the time he returned, ⁸ hot objections were rolling across the islands. Adams did not budge; concession or not, he said, "the federal government can levy its own income tax after five years and make it retroactive." Such a statement could easily scare off Refinery Builder St. Hilaire, and Jamaica did not take it quietly. Jamaican Chief Minister Norman Manley said that if the federal government even thinks about voiding Jamaican deals, "Jamaica would be forced to reconsider her position in regard to federation itself." Last week Manley's top political opponent, rabble-rousing Sir William Alexander Bustamante, put it even more bluntly, in a statement calling on Jamaica "to secede" if Jamaica is not protected from federal taxation.

The *Kingston Daily Gleaner* put it bluntest of all, in a cartoon showing Adams standing alone under a palm tree as ships labeled with names of the federation's members pull out in all directions.

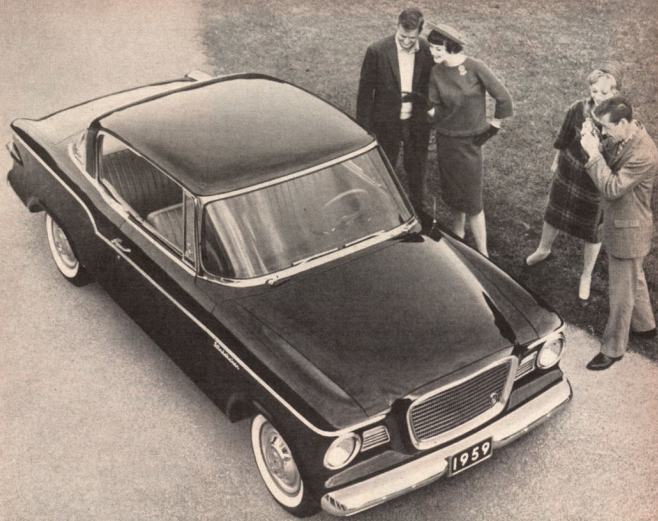
VENEZUELA

Rocky's Second Home

For a ten-day rest after winning the governorship of New York State, Nelson Rockefeller went to a country that looms large in his career. Venezuela is the home of Creole Petroleum Corp., most profitable affiliate of the Rockefeller-founded Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), and he once served on Creole's board. But Venezuelans rarely think of him as an oilman; instead, he is the single man who has striven hardest to raise the country's standard of living.

Nelson Rockefeller owns three farms in Venezuela and will vacation in his hill-top hacienda—a white stucco colonial house with red tile roof built around a swimming pool—at La Mona, a 1,200-acre spread of potato and cattle land 90 miles southwest of Caracas. His farms are no mere rich man's fancy. Originally developed by the International Basic Economy Corp. (IBEC) that he founded to invest in Latin American development, the first farm lost so much money in a try at large-scale agriculture that Rockefeller bought it from IBEC, ran it himself. He put it on a paying basis, and at the same time demonstrated the raising of tick-resistant Santa Gertrudis cattle crossed with African and local Vene-

⁸ Bringing what he called a "godfather grant" of \$10 million, of which roughly three-fifths will be spent on a pair of Canadian-built passenger-cargo ships to be owned by the federation, the rest probably on West Indian port and navigational facilities.



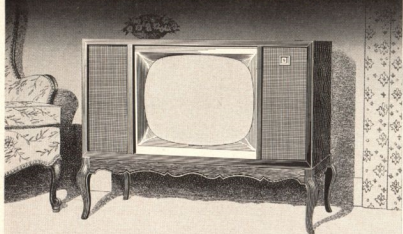
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zuelan breeds. To spread the word, he set up two other experimental farms.

Other Rockefeller and IBEC Venezuelan ventures: a thriving milk business, a hotel, a string of shopping centers, a mushrooming chain of supermarkets that have, by competition, forced Venezuelan food prices down to reasonable levels.

He suffered one noble flop. Trying to put needed nitrogen into Venezuelan diets, he conceived the idea of a fishing industry. He bought trawlers, icing machines, hired Florida fishing experts, went to work. But Venezuela's distribution system cannot handle fish at any distance from the country's ports, and few Venezuelan housewives have any way to keep frozen fish frozen. But by and large, Rockefeller has served successfully for Venezuelans as a one-man development bank.

Before switching to his private plane at Caracas' Maiquetia Airport last week, he chatted in Spanish with a friendly crowd of 200 diplomats and newsmen. Was he out to beat Vice President Richard Nixon for the presidential nomination? "I'm not running against him or anyone else now," he said. Was he sent to improve U.S.-Venezuelan relations? Rockefeller laughed. "No," he said. "I'm on my own."

CUBA

Flight 482 Is Missing

Captain Armando Piedra, 40, pilot for Cubana airlines, was flying from Havana to the Cuban city of Cienfuegos eight months ago when rebels fighting for Fidel Castro popped up among the passengers, commandeered the plane, forced Piedra to head for Mexico. A fortnight ago it fell to Piedra, who is also a good amateur skindiver, to dive to the sunken hull of a Cubana airlines Viscount that crashed and killed 17 of 20 passengers when rebel hijackers tried to force it to land near Cuba's Nipe Bay (TIME, Nov. 10). By last week, when Piedra took a Cubana DC-3 up from the little, bullet-stippled one-story airport in seaside Manzanillo, in the shadow of the rebel-held Sierra Maestra, hijacking was getting to be a bit of a bore. But Piedra and his Flight 482 never landed at their destination, Holquin. Next morning the rebels sent word that the DC-3 and its 25 passengers, including a U.S. bluejacket, had been hijacked and safely landed in rebel territory.

It was the second DC-3 and, Viscount included, the third Cubana airlines plane that Castro captured in as many weeks. He thus 1) deprived Cubana of nearly one-fourth of its planes, worth \$1,160,000; 2) helped sever the government's air link to beleaguered Santiago, already virtually cut off by land; and 3) provided himself with the nucleus of an air transport force to service rebel columns marauding in Camaguey and Las Villas provinces.

At week's end the rebels were negotiating through the Red Cross to return the kidnaped passengers and crewmen. Among them: Amado Cantillo, steward on Piedra's plane and son of Major General Eulogio Cantillo, now commanding the forces fighting Castro in Oriente.

TIME, NOVEMBER 17, 1958



Impress and thrill your friends
this *Christmas* with **Royal Riviera Pears**



America's rarest and finest fruit
ROYAL RIVIERA PEARS*

The gift they'll always remember. Talk about thanks!—you'll never hear the last of it. A just-right present for anyone, whether they live in a castle or cottage. So juicy you eat 'em with a spoon. You can't buy these gift packages in stores for love or money. But here's the best news: they're not high-priced, they're inexpensive. Packed in handsome gift boxes with your greetings.

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10 to 14 big pears, a great favorite!

GIFT NO. 2 (16-20 big pears) ppd. **\$495**

What a bargain!

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Family Gift Box—well for 2nd helping!

IT'S SO EASY: Just send us your Christmas list of names and addresses of the lucky folks together with your check or M.O. Tell us how to sign your name. No charges, no C.O.D.'s, please. Air Mail's fastest!



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FRUIT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB*

The gift that creates praise and excitement for you the year 'round! You order just once, but the lucky folks you name receive a whole parade of America's finest fruits 'n delicacies, each beautifully packaged, each with your greeting. Tell us how to sign the handsome engraved Membership Certificate announcing your gift and treats-to-come.

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Gift No. 20, ppd. . . \$49.95

8-BOX CLUB: omits March, April, June, August;
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3-BOX CLUB: Christmas, January, February treats;
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PEOPLE

For the needs of Red China, Comrade Soong Ching-ling has a warm and open hearth. When the nation's mass drive for steel started a month ago, the 68-year-old lady had her secretaries build a small furnace in the garden of her Shanghai home. There—said Radio Peking—the secretaries now toil blithely from dawn until evening, producing as much as 341 lbs. of good-quality steel a day. Last week, according to commune knowledge, the lady joined the workers in the garden, saying: "Making steel also tempers people." As vice chairman of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress, sister of Nationalist China's Madame Chiang Kai-shek and widow of the founder of the Chinese Republic, she is an alloy herself —**Madame Sun Yat-sen.**

"**Eartha Kitt** advanced her feline personality across the footlights," wrote a London critic, "offering songs full of menace and other unmentionable qualities and complaining *I Wanna Be Evil*, as if we did not know." Then, after the Royal Variety Performance, Eartha became a wide-eyed child in brief converse with **Queen Elizabeth II.**

White Supremacist **John Kasper**, 29, whose unpopularity in the North is exceeded only by his unpopularity in the South, was still a loser. Three months out of jail (for riot agitation in Clinton, Tenn. in 1956), rickety John was given a six-month stretch at Nashville's Davidson County Workhouse, after an all-male, all-white jury convicted him of riot agitation in 1957.

Richard George, 69, quit his night-shift job as a billing-machine operator in the *Reader's Digest* circulation fulfillment department, went back to England and his full identity: Richard Lloyd George, second Earl Lloyd George of Dwyfor, son of World War I Prime Minister **David Lloyd George**. When his father died in 1945, the new earl succeeded to the title but inherited nothing of the \$300,000 estate, discomfitedly said: "If he was going to leave me the baby, he should have given me a perambulator to put it in." Home after ten years of self-exile, he set up temporary digs in an unheated room (built by his father for a farm employee) at Heather Cottage, Churt, Surrey, planned to scrape up a few guineas by turning up at the House of Lords, where peers in attendance get \$8.40 a day.

Among the shards of her career as a Congresswoman was one smoldering chunk that Minnesota's 45-year-old **Coya Knutson** might have expected. Her vacillating husband, who supported her opponent in September's primary but threw his weight behind Democrat Coya before her defeat in last week's election (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), was bringing a \$200,000 alienation-of-affections and slander suit against Billy Kjeldahl, 30, the lady's administrative assistant. Billy had not only "interfered"

with his marital rights, charged 50-year-old Innkeeper Andy; he had also called the plaintiff "an impotent old alcoholic."

"It is like taking part in a piece of history," said William Urry, archivist to the Dean and Chapter Library at Canterbury, presenting one of the least convincing arguments on taxation since the days when square-riggers carried marked-up tea to Boston. Noting that the Canterbury city council makes an annual grant to the almshouses in the nearby village of Harbledown, Archivist Urry wondered why. The city treasurer hadn't the foggiest. So Urry peered down through history, found the grant's origin nearly 800

time Washington Post Owner Edward B. McLean, died in a mental institution. Some previous owners: King Louis XIV, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, English Banker Henry Thomas Hope, and Subahy, favorite of Turkish Sultan Abdul Hamid, who murdered her.

Working on a new novel called *Lord Timothy Dexter Revisited*, a guest known as Mr. Maynard kept his identity mostly secret on a ranch in Nevada's Washoe Valley. This week, his residence requirements satisfied, Mr. Maynard will have to make himself known in order to seek a divorce (after a second marriage that has lasted 21 years) as **John Phillips Marquand**. Meanwhile, the 65-year-old Maynard has found another love: Nevada. It "is the last frontier of the fiction



EARTHA KITT & FAN
The cat turned wide-eyed.

Associated Press

years deep. In 1170, his dreams darkened by the blood of Archbishop **Thomas à Beckett**, the conscience-stricken **Henry II** ordered the grant to the almshouses to be made in perpetuity. Hence, chirps Urry, "every time anyone living in the city of Canterbury pays his or her rates, he or she is contributing toward the penance made by Henry II" for murder in the cathedral.

The maleficent diamond that has legendarily brought sinister fate to its owners for 300 years last week became the property of everyone in the U.S. By registered mail (postage: 90¢; registry charge: \$151.85), the Hope Diamond went from Manhattan to the new Hall of Gems and Minerals in Washington's Smithsonian Institution. Donor: **Harry Winston**, the jeweler prince, who bought the \$1,000,000-\$2,000,000, steel blue, 44½-carat purey from the estate of Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, famed capital hostess whose first son was killed by an automobile, whose daughter died from an overdose of sleeping pills, whose husband, one-

writer. This is the place for a young writer to come. What this place needs is a mute and glorious Milton. If Mark Twain and Bret Harte were alive today, they could do it all over again. If I were 30 years younger . . ."

In Rome the bongo drums throbbed unnecessarily. Tuxedos dropped to the floor in homage. Blue-blooded Borgeheses and warm-blooded entertainers stamped their feet, but hardly to get circulation going. Cinemelon **Anita Ekberg** had just slumped with exhaustion after dropping a shoulder strap in a loamy cha-cha-cha, and now a Turkish bellydancer was grinding away at Anita's challenge: "Let's see you do better." She did. With fundamental gesture—and no clothing save a pair of black lace panties—Haisch Nanah, 24, turned U.S. Socialite Peter Howard's birthday party for an Italian countess into haischish. Luckily, the *poliziotti* showed up before the 200 guests could succumb to Roman fever. Said the Vatican's *L'Osservatore Romano* next day: "The lice of society."

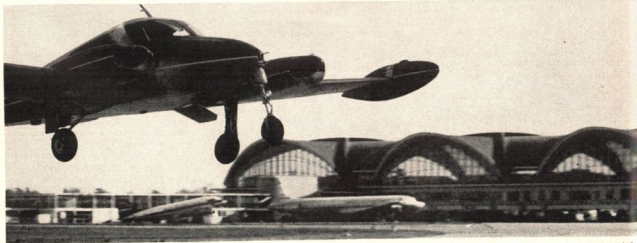
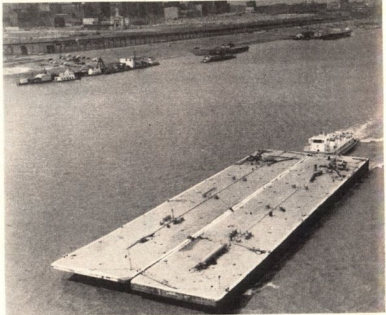
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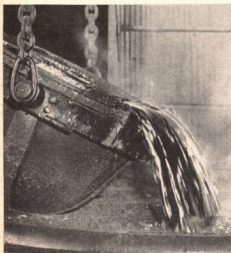


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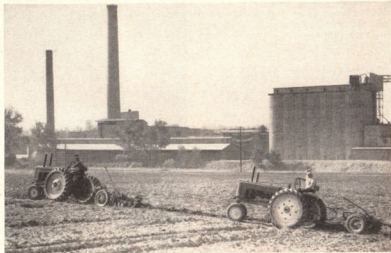
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THE PRESS

Prescience, with Caution

An overwhelming majority of the key reporters and pundits who write the day-to-day political stories for U.S. newspapers, radio and television are down-the-line liberal Democrats. To their professional credit, they did not permit their pro-Democratic bias to control their predictions of what would happen on Election Day. In general, the reporting-punditry press previewed the 1958 elections with considerable prescience and quite a lot of caution. They had the trend right, but in the main they were either unwilling to make specific forecasts or they underestimated the size of the Democratic sweep.

More Right Than Wrong. The most ambitious newspaper job of forecasting was done by the New York *Times*, which sent reporter survey teams to 13 states in the pre-election week, went back to some areas for last-minute rechecks. While the *Times* carefully qualified many of its bets, e.g., by forecasting that New York Democrat Frank Hogan would beat Republican Kenneth Keating in the New York Senate race unless Rockefeller's plurality exceeded 200,000 (it was 557,000), the paper's far-ranging forecasts were more right than wrong.

Timesmen called the Democratic turn accurately in Indiana. In Wisconsin they correctly picked Democrat William Proxmire for re-election to the U.S. Senate, but muffed the Governor race. In Arizona, after predicting that Democrat Ernest McFarland would unseat Republican Barry Goldwater, the *Times* took a second look, cautiously rated the race (which Goldwater won handily) a "loss-up." It missed Hugh Scott's Republican victory in Pennsylvania's Senate race, and Republican Senator John Bricker's defeat in Ohio. Getting right down to the congressional level, the *Times* stubbed its forecasting toe in some cases, e.g., in Michigan's Sixth Congressional District it predicted that Republican Charles Chamberlain (TIME, Oct. 27) would be turned out of office.

Editorial Before Midnight. No other paper went so far as the *Times*. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* scrupulously avoided any election predictions—as did all three papers in Pittsburgh. The Minneapolis *Tribune* relied on its statewide poll to indicate trends, let its readers make their own forecasts. All four Los Angeles papers ran poll results, otherwise avoided getting out on a limb. As for the other New York newspapers, the most remarkable performance was a public display of neuro-journalism by the New York *Post* (see below). The usually hep New York *Daily News* pulled an Election-Night boner with the unwelcome headline, HARRIMAN JUMPS AHEAD IN CITY VOTE, at the same hour that the competitive *Mirror* was proclaiming ROCKY WINS. The *Herald Tribune's* national political pundit, Joseph Alsop (TIME, Oct. 27), wrote four days before election that "anyone would be a fool to forecast the New York outcome."

Having made its forecast, the *Times* was on the streets by 11 o'clock Tuesday night with a soundly written leader on the editorial page congratulating Rockefeller on his victory.

Free Speech for the Boss

The New Dealing afternoon New York *Post* (circ. 351,439) hemmed and hawed until five days before the election and then endorsed Democrat Averell Harriman for re-election as New York Governor. At that eleventh hour its minced-hearted editorial ("Whatever his failures and shortcomings . . . we favor Harriman's re-election") read as if a myopic



Martha Holmes

EDITOR WECHSLER & PUBLISHER SCHIFF Copy, with orders, from her secretary.

makeup man had misplanned several paragraphs. *Post* readers thought all this rather strange, but it was only the beginning.

The very day after the Harriman endorsement, *Post* Publisher Dorothy Schiff in her "Dear Reader" column, wrote warmly of "ebullient" Nelson Rockefeller, pointedly inquired: "Are you sure that Averell Harriman is really the most independent, liberal gubernatorial candidate?" Then on the front page of the final edition, on the night before election, *Post* readers got a furious Schiff assault on Harriman: "Governor Harriman's recent snide insinuation that Nelson Rockefeller is pro-Arab and anti-Israel should not be condoned by any fair-minded person . . . If you agree with me, do not vote for Averell Harriman tomorrow."

Losing Her Heart. Three days after election, both Publisher Schiff and Editor James A. Wechsler took to print to explain what had happened. Said Dolly to "Dear Reader": "Time was running out. No one else had dared or cared to refute Harriman's unfair insinuation that Rocke-

feller was hostile to Israel." Said Editor Wechsler, in a signed editorial: "Mrs. Schiff and I spent many hours over a period of two months discussing the decision . . . Much as I differ with her final conclusion, I know it was not an easy one for her." At the point where some of his fans hoped that he would announce that he had walked out, Wechsler added that he was still at his desk.

These public apologies told only part of the story. Publisher Schiff, who subscribes to the philosophy that politics is an affair of the heart, has lost her heart before in the pages of her paper. In 1948, when Editor Theodore O. Thackery, who was also Publisher Schiff's husband (her third of four), endorsed Henry Agard Wallace for President, his wife quarreled in print for twelve weeks over his choice, wound up by endorsing Republican Thomas Dewey, firing Ted Thackery in his capacity as editor and divorcing him in his capacity as spouse.

"Stop the Presses!" As for 1958, Publisher Schiff probably would have insisted on a first-insistence endorsement of Rockefeller ("I love Nelson"), if he had not had breakfast in Manhattan with Vice President Nixon ("Nixonism has replaced McCarthyism as the greatest threat to the prestige of our nation today"). Then Governor Harriman gave her a reason—by implying, in a radio broadcast, that Rockefeller was pro-Arab and anti-Israel. En route to Baltimore to visit the ailing mother of her fourth husband, Philanthropist Rudolf G. Sonneborn (and co-chairman of Democrats for Rockefeller), Dolly brooded and made up her mind.

Back at the *Post* office, Publisher Schiff scribbled the front-page Harriman indictment on a piece of copy paper, handed it to her secretary, who delivered it to Editor Wechsler on the second floor, with orders: "Mrs. Schiff wants you to kill everything on Page One and put this in." Later, Mrs. Schiff recalled: "Jimmy called me. I had never heard anyone outside of the movies say 'Stop the presses!' but that's what I said. I don't remember too much of our conversation now. I was in a highly emotional state. Jimmy didn't argue with me. He believes in freedom of speech for publishers."

At week's end, when the book closed on one of journalism's zanier chapters, the epilogue was written by one of Dolly's close friends: "Now she has divorced three husbands and one candidate."

Coming Apartness

At 10:30 one morning last week, the staff of *McCall's*—The Magazine of Togetherness—began to come apart. Up to the desk of *McCall* Corp. President Arthur B. Langlie stalked Editor-Publisher Otis Lee Wiese with a one-sentence resignation. Ten minutes later, Advertising Director Bill Carr (like Wiese, a *McCall* board member and vice president) was in with his: "I understand that Otis Wiese is no longer with the *McCall* Corp. . . . This eliminates the last hope I've had for professional management in the company."

All day long and the next, the quit pa-



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FRANKEL



LANGLIE



MAYES

Together for three.

rade continued to Langlie's tenth-floor office in the magazine's Park Avenue building—John English, managing editor; Jay Stanwyck, director of research; Estelle Lane Brent, fashion editor; Betty Parsons Ragsdale, fiction editor; Marion Wheeler, production editor; Peggy Bell, features editor. By week's end 16 staffers had resigned, and, one by one, *McCall's* publicity department doggedly issued terse press

the singular position of making more money than his boss (\$65,000 v. \$50,000). In addition, he understandably knew far more about the magazine. Now a grey-haired 53, Wiese was just 22 when he became editor of struggling *McCall's* in 1927. With a free hand, he built his magazine into a slickly edited blend of women's fiction and womanly fact that is second in circulation only to Curtis' high-heeled *Ladies' Home Journal* (5,695,399 v. 5,350,140). Wiese even thought up *Togetherness*—the celebration of the joys of cloyingly close family living—once called it "our greatest natural resource."

The Tie-In. As *McCall's* top man and Norton Simon's hired hand, Langlie demoralized staffers with his agonizingly slow decisions, and irritated them with his penny-pinching approach. Far more important, Langlie sometimes complained: "I can't seem to get my hands on editorial." Wiese became convinced that Langlie was aiming at governing the whole magazine.

Langlie reached for the reins last month when he made a personal assistant out of brash Stanley Frankel, 39, odd job and promotion man for *Esquire* and *Coronet*. Frankel promptly enraged the staff with a speech declaring that the editorial and advertising departments should cooperate more closely. When the astounded Wiese asked Langlie if he favored such a tie-in, the Governor said yes, added that Frankel was getting an office on the editorial side to keep an eye on things. With that, Wiese decided that it was time to quit, and the parade was on.

To bring *Togetherness* back to *McCall's*, Langlie hired as editor a man famed for his apartness: stormy, able Herb Mayes, 58, who was fired last month (*TIME*, Oct. 27) as editor of Hearst's rival *Good Housekeeping* (circ. 4,367,766). Mayes will bring along *Good Housekeeping* Managing Editor Margaret ("Maggie") Cousins as his second in command. Editor Mayes may find his hands full. The recession year has cost *McCall's* a 13.6% drop in ad sales for the first nine months, twice the average loss for the top 20 general magazines. One thing seems certain: after last week, no *McCall's* staffer will be able to keep a straight face when he plays the pitch of *Togetherness*.



WIESE

Separateness to spare.

releases with the news. Some of the departees were so angry that they left without cleaning out their desks, had their belongings shipped home. Shrugged Langlie: "I was very surprised when they left, although I must say I felt the spirit of cooperation didn't seem what it might be."

The Amateurs. The fuse to last week's explosion had been smoldering since 1954, when West Coast Industrialist Norton Simon (Hunt Foods, Ohio Match Co.) began to acquire a controlling 35% interest in the widely held *McCall* stock. He reorganized the board in his favor, and last year startled Madison Avenue by bringing in Langlie as president. Puritanical, parsimonious Lawyer Langlie was a three-time (1941-45, 1949-57) Republican governor of Washington (*TIME*, Sept. 3, 1956), but a publishing amateur.

As Langlie's subordinate, Editor-Publisher Wiese (rhymes with lease) was in

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Cause of Death

Percy Lawrence, a South London plumber, was a 50-a-day chain smoker. He had worked up to this forced-draft rate in the Royal Navy during World War II, and never tapered off. As Lawrence lost weight and complained of always being tired, Dr. Paul Frederick Lister advised him to cut down. Still he went right on smoking. Last August Dr. Lister did a bronchoscopy, found cancer of the lung originating in a bronchus (one of the main branches of the windpipe). In little more than two months the cancer killed Lawrence, 51, husband and father.

British doctors had been debating how to dramatize the cause-and-effect relationship between smoking and such premature deaths, and Dr. Lister knew just what to do. On the death certificate, on the line for "cause of death," he wrote: "Carcinoma (cancer) of bronchus due to excessive smoking." This was unheard of. The registrar harrumphed, refused to accept the certificate. That meant there had to be an inquest—before Coroner R. Ian Milne, a layman who happens to be an unreformed smoker. Cried Milne: "I would take issue with any doctor who used such a term as 'excessive' in a death certificate. [That] is to judge the habits of one's fellow men. That must be the province of the coroner." Coroner Milne's verdict: death from natural causes.

But Dr. Lister had made his propaganda play. His unprecedented notation got a big play last week in newspapers all over Britain.

When Nathan Louis Gordon, 73, died of heart disease during one of Los Angeles' bouts with low-descending smog, Dr. Peter Veger stated on the certificate that the smog was "a significant condition contributing to death." (The connection: difficulty in breathing may overstrain a weakened heart.) Snapped County Coroner Theodore J. Culphey: "Los Angeles smog is not a disease. We would be opening the gates to litigation against the Board of Supervisors if we accepted such a certificate."

The Trouble with Joan

Among the many mysteries of Joan of Arc's meteoric career, one of the most baffling is the origin of her inspiration—her "voices," as she called them. Was she hysterical? Was she insane? No, say two British students of the Maid and her works: all the available medical evidence fits together into a neat and simple explanation that detracts nothing from Joan's greatness.

Isobel-Ann Butterfield, 34, U.S.-born, Radcliffe-educated wife of a London physician, was angry when she read modern interpretations of Joan's career that branded her insane. She began digging the evidence out of the archives, soon called in her husband John, 38, professor of experimental medicine at Guy's Hospital



Bettmann Archive

JOAN OF ARC A case of bovine TB?

Medical School, to help her with the technical aspects. He eventually became as interested as she was, wound up doing a detective-style post-mortem. In *History Today*, the Butterfields spin their evidence into a tight web.

Sounds on the Right. First sign of Joan's unusual qualities, they note, came at 12½, when she began to have "mixed sensations of sight and sound, coming from her right, together with touch and smell . . . The sensations were generally accompanied by a bright light." Modern neurology attributes such symptoms to disease in the brain's temporal lobe, close to the sphenoid bone, where it may affect the nerves for several senses.



Arthur Siegel

PATHOLOGIST BARNES Fewer cases for Solomon.

The disease process may begin with a small stroke, or it may be caused by a tumor. Though it is seldom seen today, a particularly common tumor among peasants of the Middle Ages, who lived close to their herds, was tuberculous. This was often caused by the bacilli of bovine tuberculosis—the same bacteria that made the ruff fashionable to hide the swellings of scrofula ("the king's evil"). Since Joan's right-side perception was affected, the tumor would be in the left hemisphere of her brain.

What other evidence is there that Joan had bovine TB? One obvious item, Dr. Butterfield noted, was that she did not menstruate. Another was that when she was ill in prison at Rouen she appeared to have a kidney infection. And if she had something wrong with her temporal lobe, it was most likely a tuberculous (a "firm, cheese-like abscess"), because when she jumped from the tower of Beaurvoir (variously estimated as 40 to 70 ft. high) she suffered no hemorrhage. Finally, Joan's conscientious executioner complained that even in his hottest fire her entrails would not burn. Dr. Butterfield suggests that this "would not be surprising if there were many calcified lymph glands in the abdomen, the usual result of bovine tuberculosis."

Not by Disease Alone. Despite the ingenuity of their retrospective diagnosis, the Butterfields are far from wanting to debunk Saint Joan. "Though we may understand the reason for her visions," they conclude, "we should be making a great mistake if we attributed Joan's greatness to organic disease alone . . . It is not her visions and voices, but her courage, her intelligence, her ability to get big things done, and her struggle for the independence of her mind which distinguish Joan and place her among the great women."

Blood Will Tell

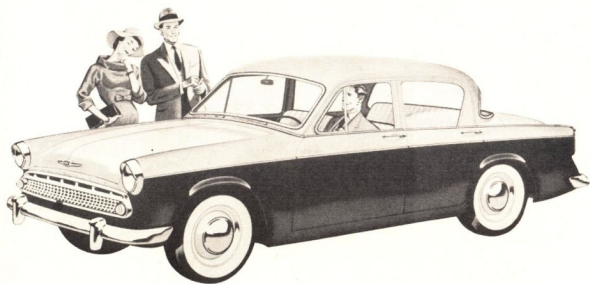
In most states when a man is accused by an unmarried woman of having fathered her child, the judge must play Solomon; with a jury, there may be as many as 13 Solomons. Kentucky is one of the states where blood-test evidence is admissible, but not binding, and in Chicago last week Dr. Malcolm L. Barnes, 47, told the American Society of Clinical Pathologists how well the system works in Jefferson County (Louisville and environs).

The blood group (A, B, AB and O) tests cannot prove paternity, nor can they disprove it in every case, said Pathologist Barnes. If the tests of mother's and baby's blood indicate that the father's must be type A, the father could still be any man with type A. But that decisively acquits the 60% of men who have B, AB, or O blood.* Besides the ABO grouping

* In one of history's longest (1943-46) and most lurid paternity suits, Comedian Charles Spencer Chaplin was declared by a Los Angeles jury to have fathered Carol Ann (type B), daughter of Cinemascope Joan Berry (type A), despite evidence by three court-appointed physicians that this was impossible with his type O blood.



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of red cells, blood varies according to whether it contains a factor M (present in 30% of the population), N (in 20%), or both, MN (in 50%). Blood also is classified according to which of the 27 subgroups of the Rh factor it belongs. Even with the tests' present limitations, Dr. Barnes proudly reported, in 39 cases this year he has exonerated eight accused men by the test itself, while six more men went free because the complaining mothers dropped their charges as soon as they heard the court order a blood test.

Medical science eventually will make the test far more discriminating, Dr. Barnes believes. When tests for these factors are simplified so that they can be done in any pathology laboratory, the chances for a scientifically proved verdict in paternity cases should be increased.

Penicillin Fallout

Though penicillin is the greatest life-saving drug ever discovered, the "fallout" of microscopic penicillin particles in hospitals may be a major factor in the spread of dangerous and sometimes fatal disease. This hypothesis, first proposed by Edinburgh's Dr. James C. Gould, wins support from a new study just reported by Dr. Jay Sanford, 30, of the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School in Dallas.

Villain of the piece is *Staphylococcus aureus*, one of the commonest of bacteria, found in the noses and throats of many healthy persons, but often leading to disease (boils, sore throats and even pneumonia) if the victim's resistance is low. When penicillin first appeared, most strains of "staph" were a pushover for it, but a few hardy, resistant strains emerged. Now the dominant forms of staph, these are dreaded in hospitals, where they sometimes cause deadly epidemics, especially among the newborn (*TIME*, March 31). The riddle: How does staph get around?

Dr. Sanford and colleagues exposed agar plates around Dallas' Parkland Memorial Hospital, found that airborne particles of penicillin settled on them in concentrations up to 9.8 units. This fallout was greatest at nursing stations, where penicillin syringes were filled, and in rooms where patients got the injections. The doctors also swabbed out the nostrils of people in the hospital. Of the entire hospital staff, 15% had penicillin particles in their noses, and in some groups the fallout had hit as many as 63%. Among patients, 25% of those receiving penicillin injections had free-floating particles in their noses, and so did 30% of room-mates who had had no injections.

Such minute deposits from fallout, Dr. Sanford suggests, may be enough to kill off any sensitive staph in the nostrils and permit (if not actually encourage) their replacement by the dangerous resistant forms. These may cause some sort of serious illness later, when conditions are right for them to multiply, and even if the carriers escape illness themselves, they can easily transmit disease-causing staph to people near by—particularly the newborn.



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Cast Out

JASON:

*Fatal, vile sorceress,
Cruel woman, whom I have cast out,
Go away, go away from here!
Your punishment awaits you!*

MEDEA:

*Ah! Leave here!
If this is to be my cruel destiny,
In leaving, Medea
Will tear out your heart! Cruel man!*

Onstage in Dallas last week, this exchange took place in Italian between Maria Meneghini Callas and Tenor Jon Vickers in a new production of *Medea* (see



Associated Press

CALLAS IN DALLAS

"Medea will tear out your heart!"

below). But it also summed up Maria Callas' offstage exchange with a far more improbable Jason—the Metropolitan Opera's Rudolf Bing, who last week stunned the Met's public by casting Maria Callas out of his golden opera house.

Callas had broken her contract, Bing explained, by backing out on her agreement (confirmed by her as recently as five weeks ago) to sing in three productions of *La Traviata* at the Met this season. After lengthy correspondence and, evidently, ample provocation from Callas, Bing wired her an ultimatum that if she did not agree—"by 10 a.m. Thursday"—to sing in *Traviata* or the substitute roles he offered her, her contract would be canceled.

Bing also issued a waspish, pettish statement to the press: "Madame Callas' reputation for projecting her undisputed histrionic talents into her business affairs is a matter of common knowledge. This, together with her insistence on a claimed right to alter or abrogate a contract at will or at whim, has finally led to the present situation . . . Let us all be grateful that

we have had the experience of her artistry for two seasons; the Metropolitan is also grateful that the association is ended . . . I could name a number of very famous singers who thought they were indispensable and would now give their eyeteeth to be back with the Metropolitan."

"Why Pick on Me?" The main trouble, retorted Callas, was that Bing had signed her to sing two performances of *Traviata*, on Feb. 13 and 17, between two performances of *Macbeth* on Feb. 5 and 21. "*Macbeth* is a very heavy opera. I have to build back to my heavy voice, and it takes a month. My voice is not an elevator, going up and down."

But it soon became clear that she did not like the Met's *Traviata* production; moreover, Renata Tebaldi had been allowed to withdraw from it—so why not Callas? "Those lousy *Traviatas* he wanted to make me do!" said she. "Why give up a contract of 26 performances just for three lousy *Traviatas*?"

She would gladly have substituted *Tosca* for *Traviata*, said Callas (Bing denied it), or sung three straight *Macbeths*: "But he offered me *Lucia* as a substitute, which is even more ridiculous than *Traviata*. A few weeks ago it was reported to me that Mario Del Monaco had canceled *Aida*, and they gave him another opera. So why pick on me? Is it because I am an American? The others are all foreigners." Said Bing: Tebaldi had canceled *Traviata* only after she agreed to accept a substitute role, and Del Monaco's cancellation in *Aida* had been arranged in ample time.

Whose Eyeteeth? Was it true, Callas was asked, that she had told Bing she was going to give up singing? "It is true," said Callas, "that I will not sing routine—those old performances of *Norma*, *Lucia*. I think it is my duty as an artist. Once you have Callas, treat her properly."

The news of Callas' firing split the musical world into two shrilly warring camps. Fellow Met stars predictably lined up with Bing (said Baritone Robert Merrill of Callas: "She is a very afraid human being"). The *Washington Post's* Paul Hume (who once got a letter from President Truman) demanded Bing's resignation. Said Dallas Opera Impresario Lawrence Kelly: "Callas has nothing to worry about. She has the world at her feet."

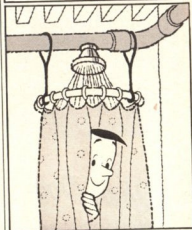
No amount of brave talk could conceal the fact that, having ruptured relations with the opera companies of Chicago, San Francisco, Rome, Milan and now New York, the world's most exciting singer is left with virtually no place to go except the concert stage. But it was still to be seen who would eventually want to offer those eyeteeth—Callas to be back at the Met, or Bing to get her back.

Love Affair in Dallas

A year ago Chicago Impresario Lawrence V. Kelly undertook the ambitious task of planting grand opera's rococo passions deep in the thorny heart of Texas. His Dallas Civic Opera Company, with



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Maria Meneghini Callas as its star attraction, was a rousing artistic success but a failure at the box office. Since then Impresario Kelly's operatic transplant has taken firm root in Texas soil: last week the Dallas company rounded out its second season with a chorus of critical bravos and with money pouring into the till.

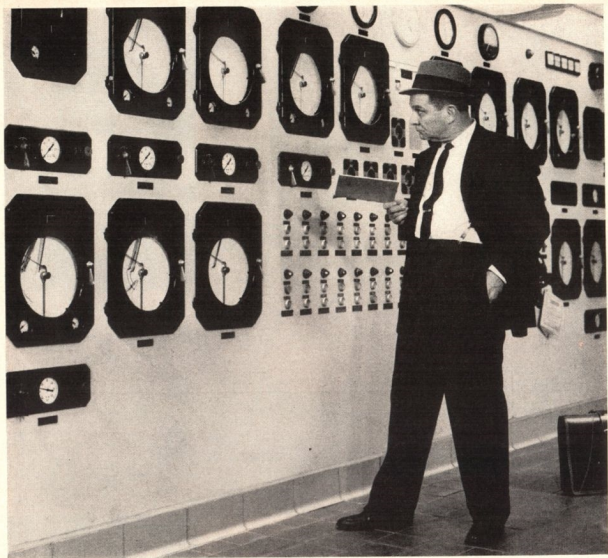
Remarkably composed despite the storm that was building up (see above), Soprano Callas rehearsed new productions of *Traviata* and *Medea* for two weeks with only occasional explosions of temperament. Both performances attracted capacity crowds, and Callas endowed both of them with the kind of artistry, witchery and passion that only she can convey. The Dallas *Traviata* used an intriguing gimmick by presenting the story as a long flashback, starting with Violetta on her deathbed visualizing the episodes leading up to her final illness. From the first curtain, when a soft light bloomed on the reclining Violetta, to the resignation of *Dite alla giovine* and the yearning of *Parigi, O cara*, Callas held her audience in a kind of hushed trance. Her tones were rock firm, aglow with a dozen nuances of passion, from hectic gaiety to quiet sadness. Callas scored an even bigger triumph in Cherubini's *Medea*. Whirling her heavy cape alternately like a regal robe, a witch's hood or a pair of bat wings, Callas managed a breath-taking range of emotion: she seemed to caress the air when pleading tenderly with Jason, then railed at him with fists clenched and her voice full of relentless fury, again sank to her knees with heart-breaking bell tones of despair. She could rail against Zeus himself with the scorn of a rebellious goddess, then chilled the audience in a sort of death march as she seized a dagger and prepared to kill her sons.

The third opera put on at Dallas was a repeat of Rossini's rarely performed romp, *L'italiana in Algeri*, introducing 23-year-old Spanish Mezzo-Soprano Teresa Berganza. The possessor of a silvery, dulcet voice, she acted the title role (an Italian girl imprisoned by a libidinous bey) with a kind of fresh, provincial charm. A one-time pianist, Mezzo Berganza has toured Europe in recitals but has had little operatic experience. The Dallas *News's* Critic John Rosenfield noted that *L'italiana in Algeri* had "ended up as a love affair between prima donna and patrons." The whole season ended up as a love affair between Texas and Dallas' own grand opera.

Blind, Burning & Bland

The No. 1 topic in the opera world last week was the Callas fracas (see above), but there was other news, notably a new work by Gian Carlo Menotti and a new edition of two grand old operatic favorites.

New Menotti. Figuring that there are more paying customers for a Broadway show than for an opera, Producer David Merrick billed Menotti's *Maria Golovin* as a "musical drama," insisted that it be reviewed by drama critics, even tried to bar music critics from the theater. Producer Merrick (nicknamed "The Abominable Showman" by Broadway



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wags) need not have troubled. Either as drama or as music, *Maria Golovin* (first performed in Brussels last summer) is something of a disappointment. The plot is built on a theme that seems to have an obsessive fascination for Composer-Librettist Menotti: the maimed (in this case blinded) hero who is loved and finally destroyed by a beautiful woman. "I'm apt," says Menotti, "to express myself as a spiritually crippled person."

There are a great many melodramatically effective scenes in this tale about a blind young man, Donato, who falls desperately in love with a married woman and becomes entangled in another form of blindness—jealousy. But the impact is marred by banalities of speech ("You know we can't go on like this") and the hero's unsympathetic character. For Donato seems not so much a good man tragically crippled by the loss of sight as a psychopath who happens to be blind.

As for the music, a clue comes when a minor character (representing Menotti's caricature of modern-minded critics) deplores the romantic 19th century and asks: "Must music be only sweet?" In this work, as never before, Menotti proves himself essentially a 19th century composer. At its worst, the *Golovin* score is not only too sweet but too facile. Example: when the hero stomps up and down waiting for the heroine to keep a rendezvous, the effect is reminiscent of "suspense music" on a TV show. At its best, the score is hauntingly tender and compelling, notably in a trio, which has the cast's three women sit and sew—three fates each busy with separate and private memories.

At week's end *Maria Golovin* closed after five performances, but it has already been recorded by RCA Victor, and NBC intends to produce it on television, which may provide a better setting for the work's small-screen passions. *Golovin*'s best feature: its cast, including Franca Duval, Patricia Neway and the bass-baritone find of the year, 22-year-old Richard Cross, who left college (Iowa's Cornell) only 18 months ago, but sings Donato with power and conviction.

New Cav-Pag. To refurbish the perennially popular double bill of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, the Met's Rudolf Bing got lavish, handsome but unimaginative new sets from the hands of Scene Designer Rolf G  rard, hired a top Broadway director, Jos   (Long Day's Journey into Night) Quintero. Although he had never done an opera before, and had seen only half a dozen in his life, Director Quintero somehow managed to absorb most of the stogy, stiff-kneed mannerisms of traditional opera productions. Nevertheless, particularly in *Pagliacci*, he added some truly exciting touches: Nedda, starting her first-act aria reclining voluptuously on the steps leading to the open-air stage; Canio, ripping off his white clown's coat at the opera's end, revealing a blood-red shirt. All in all, it was a topnotch new *Pagliacci*, thanks partly to robust Tenor Mario Del Monaco, who not only burned the gold paint off several rear boxes with a scorching *Vesti la giubba*, but



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MENOTTI (RIGHT) WITH DUVAL & CROSS
Better on a small screen.

turned in a chilling acting job as well.

Another story was *Cavalleria*, in a kind of performance that would have done well in a provincial Italian opera house. Dimitri Mitropoulos, when he was not drowning out the singers with his orchestra, conducted as if afflicted by an overdose of Milton. Soprano Zinka Milanov found her still-beautiful voice crumbling around the edges. Allowances are customarily made for inept acting in prima donnas, but Diva Milanov plunged beyond the point of tolerance as she flung herself about the stage clutching her ample midriff. She provided a fine argument for bringing back Callas at all costs.



Louis Melancon
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SPORT

Top Ten

Fumbles, individual histrionics and last-minute heroics combined last week to produce no upsets but some reshuffling of ranking among TIME's Top Ten:

1) **Iowa** (6-0-1)—clinched the Big Ten title, a New Year's Day Rose Bowl appearance, as Randy Duncan passed for two touchdowns, Halfback Willie Fleming scooted 46 and 63 yds. to two others in a 28-6 rout of Minnesota.

2) **Louisiana State** (8-0)—yielded an early score to Duke, got it back two plays later when Running Star Billy Cannon turned pass receiver on a 63-yd. touchdown play, went on to win easily 50-13.

3) **Wisconsin** (5-1-1)—took an early lead, still held on to beat Northwestern 17-13.

4) **Oklahoma** (6-1)—butterfingers it away to a 20-0 triumph over Iowa State, managed to lose seven fumbles to keep the score down.

5) **Army** (6-0-1)—was apparently defeated by Rice, with three minutes to play. Then Quarterback Joe Caldwell threw a Lord-help-us pass to Halfback Pete Dawkins for a 14-7 triumph.

6) **Purdue** (5-1-1)—the Big Ten's most underrated team managed a 14-14 tie with Ohio State, after which Coach Jack Mollenkopf blew up when he could not find Ohio State's stormy Woody Hayes for the traditional post-game handshake. Exploded Mollenkopf: "This is the first time in my twelve years in the Big Ten where a coach was too damned big or busy to come around and shake hands."

7) **Auburn** (6-0-1)—finally displayed offensive power against Mississippi State as Substitute Halfback Jim Pettus caught three touchdown passes in an impressive 33-14 victory.

8) **Pittsburgh** (5-2-1)—sent Quarterback Bill Kaliden scampering to the winning touchdown with eleven seconds left, beat Notre Dame 29-26.

9) **Northwestern** (5-2)—fell short with a second-half rally after its own fumbles had set up a Wisconsin touchdown and field goal.

10) **Ohio State** (4-1-2)—still solid, still unspectacular, got both its touchdowns against Purdue from Tackle Jim Marshall, who lumbered 22 yds. with a blocked punt, 25 more with an intercepted pass.

High-Flying Falcons

Three years ago the U.S. Air Force Academy was only a piece of level ground at Colorado Springs. The student body was located temporarily at Denver's Lowry Air Force Base as the football team took on freshman and minor-college opposition with indifferent success. But last week the academy's Falcons found themselves in astonished possession of an unbeaten record in big-time competition, aspirations of national ranking. Reason: a 37-year-old coach named Ben Martin.

Onetime varsity letterman and later an assistant coach at Annapolis, Martin went

to Colorado Springs from the University of Virginia last winter. In two years under businesslike Buck Shaw (now coach of the Philadelphia Eagles), the Falcons had been unresponsive. Martin took one look at movies of Air Force games and decided, "We had to set our sights on basics."

Fun & Fundamentals. He started slowly, worked on fundamentals all spring, did not even introduce his offense (split-T with variations that include a double wing belly series) until pre-season practice started in August. Says he: "I had to create a happy atmosphere. The game

sir, but the team needs us at Iowa." The answer was still no. The cadet wing gathered in the courtyard for a pre-game pep rally and set up a din that would not be denied. General Sullivan explained patiently that the trip would involve a 20-hour bus ride each way, that it would cost every cadet \$75. Each objection was met with a roar of dissent. General Sullivan gave in. The entire cadet wing boarded 22 buses, rode all night to Iowa City, changed into their blues en route and arrived just before game time.

"When I saw them march onto that field," says Team Captain Brock Strom, "I got to admit I got kind of choked up." Strom, a burly tackle, wept as he went to



Cliff King

AIR FORCE COACH MARTIN

Will Army v. Navy become a consolation game?

should be fun—relaxed, happy, undrugged. We don't berate the boys for failures. There are no horsewhips around here."

Physical limitations imposed by the Air Force (no cadet may be over 6 ft. 4 in. tall, weigh more than 216 lbs.) hampered Martin and his young staff. But they still managed to produce two units of similar if not overpowering strength. Martin set up competitive situations by scrimmaging the units against each other. To vary the routine, he broke practice one day to let the boys hold a hula hoop contest. During one scrimmage, he even dove into a play to make the tackle himself. The blend of fun and fundamentals paid off. Says a faculty member: "He convinced them they could win."

By Bus & Phone. Spirit soared for the Falcons' game with heavily favored Iowa six weeks ago. Cadet officers pleaded with the Commandant, Brigadier General Henry R. Sullivan, for permission to attend the game at Iowa City. The general countered with an offer to let the cadets go to the Stanford game in Palo Alto. Protested the cadets: "We'll beat Stanford anyway,

midfield for the toss of the coin." After seeing the rest of the cadets march in," says Martin, "I knew our team would rather have died right on the field than fail them." The Falcons promptly played Iowa off its feet for a stunning 13-13 tie.

Having sacrificed their trip to Palo Alto for the long jaunt to Iowa, the cadets did what they could: they gathered in a lecture hall back home, leased a telephone line, and roared cheers to their team in the stadium. The Falcons responded by beating Stanford 16-0. Last week the cadet wing was on hand in the flesh at Denver as the Air Force squeaked past Denver University 10-7.

The Air Force has three games left, the last one with rugged Colorado. But whatever the outcome, the 1958 record will be a big improvement on last year's 3-6-1 record. Continuing their march into the bigtime, the Falcons will play Army next season, Navy the year after. Wrote one proud air officer from Japan: "My main objective is to see the day when the Army-Navy game is strictly a consolation match."

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DUFF GORDON

Evolution Before Life

Some time, some place in the dark backward and abyss of time, the first "living" thing was created, and evolution began. But even the simplest organism is made up of enormously complicated chemical compounds. Where were these compounds produced in the slow aeons of the world's beginnings? Last week Dr. Melvin Calvin, professor of chemistry at the University of California, described some probable steps in the strange, speculative science of chemical evolution that led to the first glimmer of life.

Most pre-evolutionists agree, said Dr. Calvin, that life first appeared something like 2 billion years ago when the earth's atmosphere was dominated by hydrogen compounds such as methane, ammonia and water vapor. Such simple organic compounds as acetic acid and glycine (an amino acid) are formed in the laboratory when ultraviolet light or electric sparks pass through such mixtures. Presumably, solar ultraviolet and natural lightning would do the same in nature.

Young Earth. While the young earth was still raw some 5 billion years ago, Dr. Calvin believes, great quantities of these relatively simple organic compounds were formed out of the nutritious atmosphere. But, he points out, the very agents (light, radiation) that form these compounds tend to break them down, and thus produce equilibrium far below the living level. Obviously, some other processes were at work.

One of them was probably autocatalysis—the process by which a substance, as soon as a little of it is formed, speeds the formation of more of itself. This process is common in organic chemistry. Many molecules important to life are autocatalytic, and in the soupy ocean and suffocating atmosphere of the young earth their concentration would tend to increase. The porphyrins, for example, which are related to the hemoglobin of animal blood and the chlorophyll of green plants, are autocatalysts.

Many of these simple organic compounds have large, flat molecules that tend to drop out of even a very dilute solution. When they precipitate, these flat molecules produce layered structures, like playing cards scattered thickly on the floor. But they arrange themselves more neatly than cards do. Their edges tend to stick together, and thus the molecules build up into orderly stacks. The porphyrins do this, and so do the components of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid), the heredity-carrying substance that dominates life on earth.

Nameless Progenitor. Dr. Calvin sees chemical evolution fairly clearly up to DNA, but he cannot say just when the spark of life appeared. The best test of life is that the organism can make replicas of itself, taking as building materials the simpler molecules in the medium around it. The first organism to pass this

divide between the living and the inert may have been a single complex molecule or a large cluster of them. This tiny, nameless primogenitor of all living matter may have used some primitive kind of photosynthesis to reproduce itself. Or perhaps it merely picked up smaller molecules in a series of random accidents. Dr. Calvin does not know.

If such processes produced life on earth, then in all likelihood they produced life on other planets. Dr. Calvin accepts the reasoning of modern astronomers that in the visible universe there are probably 100 million other planets with well-organized life on them. Such life may range all the



Bob Lockenbach

DR. MELVIN CALVIN
Life on 100 million planets.

way from "precellular" micro-organisms to sentient beings who speak a language. Since the life of man on earth occupies only the small span of 1,000,000 years out of the accepted time span of 5 billion years for the universe as a whole, it seems obvious to Dr. Calvin that on other planets life may have developed to a "post-human" state, in which creatures on man's level have been succeeded by some higher organism. Dr. Calvin's conclusion: "Life is not a rather special and unique event on one of the minor planets around an ordinary sun at the edge of one of the minor galaxies in the universe," but "a state of matter widely distributed throughout the universe."

Cosmic Influence. The kind of life that exists on earth, Dr. Calvin points out, has reached a critical stage. The highest product of its evolutionary chain—man—is on the point of learning how to navigate space and spread beyond the earth. "There is no reason to suppose that life, and man as its representative, will not transform any planet on which he lands, in the same way, or even in a more profound way



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than he has transformed the surface of the earth. It might suit him to change the orbit of the moon, and it seems within the realm of possibility that he should be able to do so. When we realize that other organisms may be doing similar things at some millions of regions in the universe, we see that life itself and man, as one representative of that state of organization of matter, becomes a cosmic influence himself."

Hot Antlers

ANTLERS NEEDED. read the notice in the bulletin of New Mexico's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory. Dr Ernest C. Anderson of Los Alamos' Biomedical Research Group wants elk or deer antlers, asks prospective donors to describe their



DR. ERNEST ANDERSON & ANTLERS
Fallout in the bone.

antlers first by letter, giving year and place where they were collected.

Fact is that antlers are superb collectors of radioactive fallout. Like bones, antlers are made largely of calcium compounds, and radioactive strontium behaves chemically like calcium. Deer ingest strontium with their forage. In slowly maturing humans, only a small part of the skeleton is built each year, and therefore human bone shows an averaging of strontium over many years. But a deer's antlers are grown afresh each year, concentrating in a handy package a calcium-strontium mixture that neatly records the prevalence of strontium for that year alone.

British scientists are also collecting antlers, especially from the Scottish Isles, whose damp green hills are apt to be relatively rich in fallout material dumped on them by Scotland's heavy rains. In this week's *Nature* two scientists from Glasgow's Royal College of Science and Technology report on an antler taken on the Island of Islay in 1957. It proved to have 126 micromicrocuries of strontium radioactivity per gram of calcium. A cross section cut from it and laid on X-ray film for 82 days gave off enough

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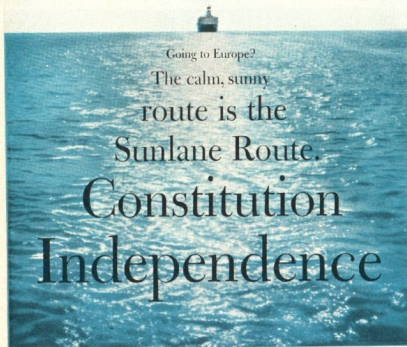
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atomic radiation to take a sharp picture of itself. For contrast, an antler that grew in the same place in 1952, before the H-bomb tests, showed only 11.2 microcuries of radioactivity.

If enough antlers can be accumulated and analyzed, British and U.S. scientists will be able to make rough maps of the distribution and intensity of fallout—at least in those areas where deer and elk still roam.

Ruly English

Computers have giant memories, but are exasperatingly literal-minded. The U.S. Patent Office encountered this problem in an acute form when it began planning a computer designed to extract from its memory all earlier mentions of a patent-seeking idea. Patents are described in ordinary English, and ordinary English proved too imprecise for literal-minded computers. The word *glass*, for instance, means a material and a long list of things made out of that material. It also means additional things (water glasses and eye-glasses made of plastic) that have nothing to do with *glass*. Such things confuse computers.

To leap this communication barrier, Engineer-Lawyer Simon M. Newman of the Patent Office has been working out a synthetic language called Ruly English that is especially adapted to a computer's huge but simple brain; unlike ordinary, "unruly" English, it gives one and only one meaning to each word.

Newman has found prepositions especially unruly. There are about 25 of them, and their meanings overlap irrationally. The preposition *through* has at least 13 meanings. It can mean *by use of* (to speak through an interpreter) and *finished with* (through with work). Newman proposes to replace unruly prepositions with new Ruly terms that have single meanings. *Howby*, for instance, will mean *mode of proximate cause*. Sometimes it will replace *by* (take by force), or *with* (to kill with kindness), or *through* (to cure through surgery). But it will always have the same basic meaning, so that even the most literal-minded computer will not be led astray.

More complicated words of Ruly English are meant to eliminate confusion caused by differing points of view. Both a watch spring and a heavy bridge girder are flexible in some degree. Both are also somewhat rigid. All objects, in fact, lie somewhere on the scale between extreme flexibility and extreme rigidity. So Newman has arbitrarily coined the Ruly word *resilrig* to cover the whole scale, and has added such prefixes as *slil* (slightly) and *sub* (substantially). In Ruly English, a bridge girder would be *slilresilrig* and a watch spring *subresilrig*. A properly trained computer would know the meaning exactly. It would not be confused by the fact that in unruly English a very flexible rigid is not nearly as flexible as a very rigid watch spring.

Humans are not expected to read or speak Ruly English. To them, unruly English will always be more ruly.

A PREDICTION

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“ I feel certain that we can have truly coordinated transport in this country, given reasonable initiative and at least a minimum of good will and good intent.”

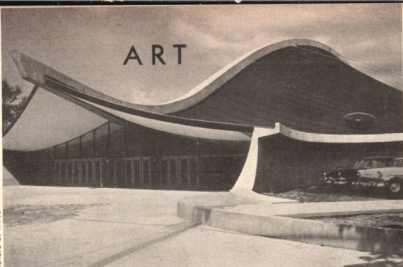
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ART

Richard C. Wood



FRONT OF SAARINEN'S YALE STADIUM

Booty Returned

The day after the Soviet army entered Berlin in 1945, Red "Trophy Squads" began rounding up all known German museum men and forced them to show where the nation's art treasures were stored. About 1,500,000 art objects were crated posthaste, and shipped back to Moscow as "war booty."

Last week a red and white banner across the entrance gate to East Berlin's National Gallery proclaimed: TREASURES OF WORLD CULTURE SAVED BY THE SOVIET UNION. Ninety freight cars had already been unloaded at East Berlin's Museum Island, and 210 more carloads were on the way. Already back in place at the National Gallery and its companion museum, the Pergamon:

¶ The original Ishtar Gate and Procession Street built for King Nebuchadnezzar II in Babylon about 580 B.C. and having reliefs of lions, bulls and dragons in white on blue tiles.

¶ Thirty 7½-ft.-high bas-reliefs from the frieze of the Pergamon Altar, a vast Hellenistic masterpiece commissioned by King Eumenes II in Asia Minor about 180 B.C.

¶ A roomful of Botticelli drawings illustrating the *Divine Comedy*.

¶ Hundreds of top-rank Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman and Chinese statues and ceramics.

¶ Cranach's *Judith and Holofernes*, Bosch's small *Temptation of St. Anthony*, Hals's *Mulatto*.

What made the Russians decide to part with such loot? Politics, probably. General elections will be held in East Germany next week, and Premier Otto Grotewohl's regime needs bolstering. At ceremonies celebrating the return of the loot, Grotewohl orated: "In saving all these priceless sculptures and paintings from destruction, while American bombers reduced Germany's cultural centers to rubble, the Soviet army once again demonstrates its noble mission and its high ideals." Nonsense, commented one high museum official behind his hand. "The Russians simply confiscated everything."

Building for Learning

In ancient times, the place of learning was usually a temple, a garden or a cloister. Compared with all these, the conventional classroom can seem pretty cold, college dormitory little more than a nest of cells. But with the huge increases in college endowments and enrollments over the past decade, old grads have been trying earnestly to provide their sons with something better than they had themselves, in the process have launched the biggest building boom ever on U.S. campuses across the land.

Outstanding are recent constructions at Wayne, Smith and Yale (see color pages). As architects are the first to agree, school architecture consists mainly in improvisations designed to keep pace with constantly changing needs and tastes. But these three offer bright-to-brilliant solutions to problems that will never be entirely solved.

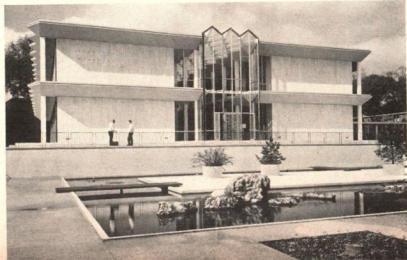
Concrete & Paper Fans. Minoru Yamasaki's \$1,172,000 conference building at Wayne University in Detroit is almost too pretty to be great. But it does promise well for the 60 acres of new campus construction that Wayne and Yamasaki hope to add. A Seattle-born Niseli, Yamasaki is

in love both with Western technology and Oriental refinement. His crisp little temple of talk, set beside a reflecting pool, owes a lot to the Taj Mahal, something to Japanese paper fans, and most of all to modern engineering in glass and concrete. Yamasaki puts precision over ornamentation and lets nature collaborate to provide most of the beauty. The sunlight falling through pyramids of glass makes a constantly changing flow of light through the lobby of his architectural gem.

The new dormitory of Smith College, designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, cost \$1,600,000 and is less of a success. It is neat, severely cheerful architecture of the currently approved mode, but perhaps its negative aspects ought to be more noticed. In such buildings one lives in style, but it is an edgy and uncomfortable sort of style. The Japanese maple in the courtyard looks as forlorn as a stray kitten at a board meeting. The 160 girl inhabitants occupy facing wings across the courtyard, with picture windows looking on each other's picture windows. Yellow curtains, which let in too much sun, are compulsory. The girls keep opening their windows, which throws the air conditioning out of whack, so that everybody is too hot or too cold. Walled and barred at street level, the Smith dormitory looks a good deal less hospitable from the outside. No student living there will ever have an experience like that of one Smith alumna who lived in an old-fashioned dorm. Clambering in through a ground-floor window one night after hours (10 p.m.), she felt a friendly shove from behind, looked around to see Smith President William Allan Neilson winking at her.

Inverted Ship. Eero Saarinen's hockey stadium at Yale cost nearly twice the original budget of \$750,000 and is worth every nickel. It stands like an inverted Viking ship with a concrete arch for its keel. The vast ceiling of weathered planks sags slightly, tent fashion, from the central spine. From outside, the stadium looks as strange as a beached sea tortoise. Inside, its wide-open spaciousness, wintry light, and effect of weightlessness are exhilarating. The nation's foremost young architect, who has created such modern

FAÇADE OF YAMASAKI'S WAYNE BUILDING

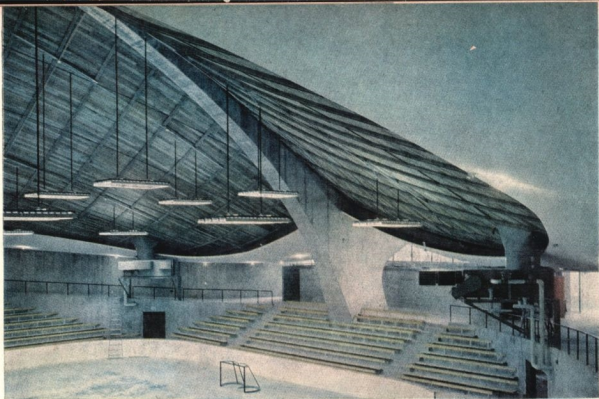


Arthur Siegel



CONFERENCE CENTER for Wayne University, designed by Minoru Yamasaki, uses angular folded-concrete forms of building as decorative motif, creates elegant campus meeting place.

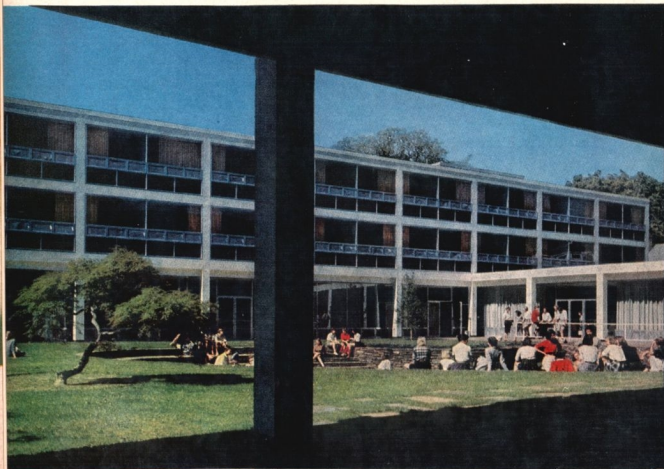
Arthur Siegel



Photographs by Richard Wood

HOCKEY RINK for Yale, designed by Eero Saarinen, provides column-free space by hanging roof on cables from soaring 355-ft. spine-like arch. Building cost \$1,105,732.

DORMITORY for Smith adapts Skidmore, Owings & Merrill architecture to small-town scale. Twin buildings house 160 girls, face sunken plaza used as sunny outdoor lounge.



wonders as the General Motors Technical Center (TIME, July 2, 1956), Saarinen may well be right in calling this latest effort "perhaps the finest thing that we have done."

The Young Realist

In the glossy generalities of contemporary art criticism, "realist" and "old foggy" are nearly synonymous. Yet one of the nation's boldest painters is Realist Andrew Wyeth, 41.

A fiery man who thinks much on death, a craftsman who submerges his craft in seas of mood, a hermit filled with feeling for people, Wyeth touches contemporary hearts as few native painters ever have. One measure of the fact: his first Manhattan show in five years at the Knoedler Galleries this week sold out (at prices up to \$35,000) the day it opened. A better measure lay in the faces of those who came just to look. They would begin by admiring, which is easy, and then after a time they would fall silent and look inward, storing his pictures in their minds.

American Romance. Wyeth is limited. Compared with such a robust realist as Velázquez, he seems hardly to believe in reality. Compared with such a profound explorer-in-imagination as Pieter Brueghel, he sits by the stove cozily sketching. In context, his art has eminence. But the context is a shallow sea, shored by the book illustrations of his father, N. C. (for Newell Convers) Wyeth, and bounded at the horizon by the craggy islands of Thomas Eakins and Winslow Homer.

Not wishing, apparently, to pass beyond those islands—which may yet represent the farthest outposts of American painting—Wyeth reaches and tacks about, fishing for details as if they were really whales. His most ambitious pictures are sometimes the least successful, being too finicky and insistent. But *Roasted Chestnuts* bids fair to rival Wyeth's famed *Young America* (TIME, July 16, 1951) as a national icon. *Young America* shows a boy in G.I. castoffs riding a gaudy bicycle across a limitless plain. *Roasted Chestnuts* gives new depth to the romance. It

Mr. & Mrs. H.G. Haskell, Jr.



WYETH'S "ROASTED CHESTNUTS"

looks like the same boy, grown to gangly youth. He stands light and tall beside his homemade chestnut stove, at the edge of a bare, wintry highway, awaiting all the world.

Underlying Life. Even more surprising as a whole are Wyeth's new watercolors, pictures done swiftly in passion. His instinct for the medium has grown out of discipline, and his command of it is athletic—brushmanship like swordsmanship. Wyeth's *Cormorants* inhabit a small island off the Maine coast, near his summer home. "I rowed over," Wyeth says in his high, dry voice. "There was a terrific shrieking and neck-turning. The picture took only half an hour, but the birds kept dropping on me all the time. There was a strange feeling of aloneness—of the cormorants not wanting you. They kept talking among themselves." In its sparse, swift strokes, the picture conveys that arrogant freedom of the wild and unbehind.

"CORMORANTS"



Now
available
in
modest
quantity—

WHITE SHOE PEG CORN



PERHAPS you recall dining at one of the Great Houses of Virginia or the Eastern Shore. If so, you may especially remember a Country Gentleman white corn. A delicacy held in high esteem thereabouts, since before Mr. Washington was President.

Here, newly come to market, is a young scion of that aristocratic corn. It is, we respectfully submit, unlike any other corn now obtainable.

For one thing, it is unusually crisp. The whole kernels bring to mind the very first corn of summer. Their shape, too, is remarkably tall and slender. They were named, in olden times, after the tiny pegs then used in fine shoes. And, as you'd expect, their flavor is extraordinary. It is an experience which a gastronome should treasure.

For reasons inherent in the breed, this corn has always been rather rare. Its special seed is the result of hundreds and hundreds of crossbreedings. And then, the seed is planted in but a few selected acreages in the United States.

Now, however, modest quantities of this unique corn can be obtained from the finer grocers. Le Sueur Brand shoe peg white corn. Try it very soon.



LE SUEUR BRAND Shoe Peg White CORN VACUUM PACKED

P. S. Have you tried Le Sueur Brand peas? Very young, very tender, very much like the celebrated *petits pois* of France.

Grows Glens Company, Inc., Le Sueur, Minnesota.
"Le Sueur" Brand Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © GUCO.

SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

Cast of Characters

Can a type-cast sexpot keep her cinema charm while 1) pregnant, and 2) on the rise to higher levels of intellect? Can a middle-aged producer reap wild oats? Can a female swimmer be a submarine hostess? Can a tycoon's son carry on? Can a crooner liquidate a photographer? Last week these vital questions met these tentative answers:

¶ Marilyn Monroe, shooting her first Hollywood film (M-G-M's *Some Like It Hot*) since she left for New York and re-education two years ago, was pregnant and more intellectual than ever. Marilyn stayed coolly sealed inside the mental isolation booth that Manhattan Methodman Lee Strasberg prescribed for "getting into" a part (hers: a uke-playing songbird of the '20s). Marilyn ordered gawkers kicked off the set, banned cussing crewmen, played love scenes with Leading Man Tony Curtis as if enclosed in a cake of ice. It was tough on Curtis, a simpler type who can still exclaim: "Gee, Marilyn Monroe makin' love to me!" Marilyn also huffily rebuffed Producer-Director Billy Wilder's smallest advice ("You'll make me forget how I'm going to do this scene"). A mild man, Wilder survived by treating Monroe like a fine Swiss watch: "Only it doesn't start ticking when you just wind. You have to shake it a little—not just any old way—but just so."

¶ Producer Darryl Zanuck, fervent avuncular friend of Left Bank Singer Juliette ("the wild one") Greco, rode into battle for his protégée. Through a London gossip column, U.S. Moviemaker Carl Foreman irritably reported that Zanuck was over-pushing Greco for a fat

part in Foreman's new picture, *Guns of Navarone*. Zanuck, who elevated his black-haired Lorelei from subterranean boites to stardom in *The Roots of Heaven*, angrily denied the Foreman charge: "I have no control of any sort over her career." Greco may have given Zanuck that impression by accepting the lead in a British-German film against his advice. When he descended on her German location not long ago to demand script changes and shower presents, Greco purred by phone from her hotel room: "You can't come up. Wait there and I might come down." Then she went to bed, leaving Zanuck to shiver alone on the terrace in the autumn night.

¶ Sailors' eyes clicked like gyro-repeaters in a flank-speed turn as Cinemermaid Esther Williams, sheathed in tight red slacks and sweater, pranced aboard the Navy submarine U.S.S. *Trout* in New London, Conn. Purpose: to play hostess on NBC-TV's *Omnibus* documentary on submarine training. It was Producer Robert Sadek's idea, based on the theory that "many aspects of submarine navigation are similar to swimming." Esther, whose medium is cold water, poured plenty of it on officers' wives jammed in the New London officers' club to meet her, icily asked them to leave so she could "talk business" with her husbands. Later Esther slid down the *Trout* hatch in a skirt that swung all eyes to the ladder, forced another costume change (back on land again) that delayed shooting for hours. Finally Esther walked out a day and a half before Producer Sadek was through. Sadek went on without her, praised the Navy's exquisite forbearance. Cracked *Omnibus*' host, Alistair Cooke: "This has been the noblest chapter in naval history."

¶ Budding Showman Mike Todd Jr., 29, announced that he will produce next year's smelliest movie (*The Scent of Mystery*), using the Smell-O-Vision-process developed by a Swiss chemist under contract to the late Mike Todd Sr. Near-est yet to the "feelie" film envisioned by Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World* (see Books), the process is triggered by soundtrack blips, which release odors through a maze of pipes to the audience—30 odors in 90 minutes for *The Scent of Mystery*, including flowers, roasting chestnuts, brandy, coffee, shoe polish (the villain will be trapped by smell clues). Mike Jr. will spend \$1,000,000 (with United Artists) on shooting the film in highly scented Spain. The movie will include a brief appearance at the end by Todd's stepmother-partner, Elizabeth Taylor. Liz's movie odor: still undetermined.

¶ Crooner Frank Sinatra, back from several inconclusive rounds with luscious Lady Beatty and the London press (*TIME*, Nov. 10), started sparring with New York *Journal-American* Photographer Melvin Finkelstein. The photographer claimed that Sinatra tried to run him down with a rented Cadillac limousine outside Manhattan's Harwyn Club. As



WILLIAMS & SUB OFFICER®
Cold water for the captain's lady.

Sinatra left with Model Nan Whitney. Finkelstein got set to take a picture, whereupon Frankie cried to his chauffeur: "Get him! Kill that bastard." Scoffed Sinatra: "What I read in the papers must have happened to three other guys."

Rally Round the Flack, Boys

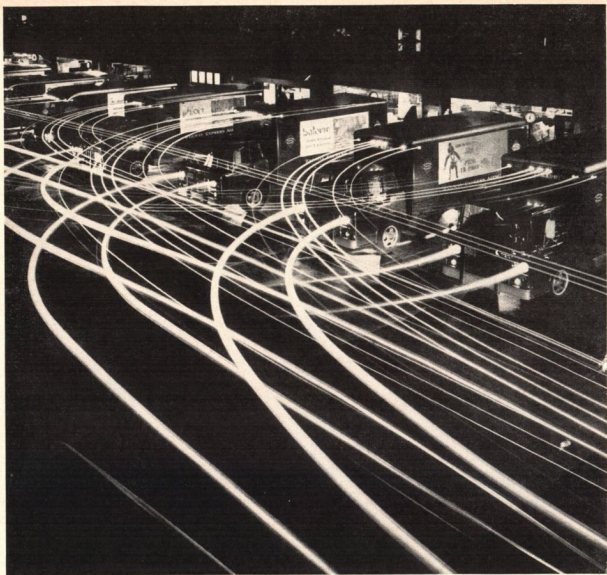
Her face and figure are unfamiliar. But this week, when the black-haired, violet-eyed beauty strides across two pages of the movie trade papers, dressed in nothing but a wet white silk shirt, Hollywood will get the word. "R.B."—the modest monogram on the shirt's breast pocket—tells it all. Russell Birdwell, Hollywood's busiest huckster, is on the job. After a brief dry spell trying to direct pictures (*The Girl in the Kremlin*, *Flying Devils*), and a few months of promoting such inanimate products as automatic laundries, "the Bird" is back at his appointed task: fabricating movie myths and getting their names into print.

Everything else in Hollywood may change, but after 23 years at work, Russell Birdwell, 55, remains the flashiest flack in the business—the man who happily takes credit for inventing Jane Russell, rescuing Norma Shearer from being treated like a superannuated widow, nearly succeeding in making Rumania's ex-King Carol popular. To launch unknown, 25-year-old Diane Hartman (Birdwell calls her 22) in that white silk rig, he has concocted some accompanying ad copy to the effect that Hollywood is empty of female glamour—except, of course, for Diane, who is described thus: "An untamed animal who has learned the art of song, mastered the modern primitive dance. A 22-year-old nymphet free of fingerprints—a

* Captain Maurice H. Rindskopf, in charge of New London submarine school.



MONROE & CURTIS
Caked ice for the leading man.



Photographed by Robert Yarnall Rich

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Bill Bridges

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desirable but unattainable, unchained barefoot wench, uninvolved personally and professionally. Now—on the Hollywood block to the highest bidder . . .

For his services Birdwell will collect \$25,000 from Diane, who can handle this sort of expense, thanks to some dancing schools she owns in Michigan.

Who Is Brando? Meanwhile, the Bird is busy with his other charges. Hollywood recognized his belligerent direction behind Director Rouben Mamoulian's recent spat with Sam Goldwyn. (Even Mamoulian does not seem to mind that the publicity-reaping battle cost him the job of directing *Porgy and Bess*.) And not long ago, Birdwell sold glibbie movie columnists the phony yarn that Greta Garbo had expressed an interest in the movie version of *Lolita*. Director Stanley Kubrick, who is Birdwell's client, is supposed to have ruled Garbo out of *Lolita* but offered her the part of Marlon Brando's mother (there is no such part) in Brando's new picture, *One-Eyed Jacks*. Garbo, so the Bird's story goes, answered: "Who is Marlon Brando?"

Russell Juarez Birdwell, a slimmed-down, mustachioed version of the late Bob Benchley, has a secretary in constant attendance to record his every word, suggests that his glibness is an inheritance from his father, a Texas revivalist preacher. From his mother, says the Bird, he got an appetite for cash. "She always insisted that we work and save. When I was small, I made money by trapping and skinning skunks." Young Birdwell soon learned that there are as many ways to make pocket money as there are to skin polecats. In high school and the University of Texas he kept himself in sharp clothes by working on local newspapers, later took "The All America Super Jazz Orchestra" to Mexico. After years of reporting (on the New York *Mirror*, Birdwell scored a

beat on Lindbergh's take-off for Paris), the Bird found his perch as publicity man for David O. Selznick.

Who Has His Number? His methods proved to be simple, disarmingly unsophisticated—a kind of fraudulent folk poetry. For Selznick he once flew "the entire town" of Zenda, Ont. (pop. 12) to Manhattan to attend the premiere of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. After the Bird set up his own office, he encouraged indignant cries of fraud by claiming that he had insured a client (Southern Starlet Margaret Tallichet) for \$1,000,000 against the loss of her drawl. Smugly he was able to exhibit the policy; he had indeed insured Margaret—for one day, at the cost of \$36.

While he devises unending eccentricities for his clients, the Bird indulges in few of his own. In his small, two-room office, the Bird allows himself but one flamboyance: two telephones—one green, one red. In accord with Hollywood tradition, the red phone has an unlisted number. On the rare occasions when it rings, the Bird stares at it in sullen suspicion. Has the tone finally got his number? Then he relaxes. "No one knows that phone. Must be a wrong number," he says, and refuses to answer.

TELEVISION

"21" Arrest

We are completely convinced of the integrity of Twenty One as a program and of the integrity of its producers Barry & Enright.

—NBC statement, Aug. 28

After seven weeks of investigating charges against *Twenty One*, a New York County grand jury last week brought in its first indictment. Arrested on a two-count perjury charge: Producer Albert Freedman, 36, employed since 1956 by Emcee Jack Barry and Dan Enright, creators of the defunct show that once rated No. 1 in the nation. Said the indictment: Freedman "knowingly lied" when he told the grand jury that he had not fed contestants questions and answers, since "he had in fact done so." Insisted Freedman, who faces a maximum of ten years in prison and \$10,000 fine if convicted: "Everything I told the grand jury is true." New York District Attorney Frank Hogan neither confirmed nor denied that there might be more indictments, simply said: "Not now."

Talking Keeps

Last Sunday night a happy glow spread across the faces of widely scattered groups of TV viewers with a common enthusiasm. *Keep Talking*, which was pronounced dead earlier by CBS for lack of a sponsor (*TIME*, Nov. 10), had found a moneybags (Kent cigarettes) and slipped into the slot fled by *The \$64,000 Question*.

Keep Talking, which began as a summer replacement, is essentially only a parlor game gone wild—but so wild that there is nothing else like it on the air. Under the cheery aegis of M.C. Carl Reiner, one contestant from each of the competing teams is offered a story. "The great surgeon went swiftly and surely

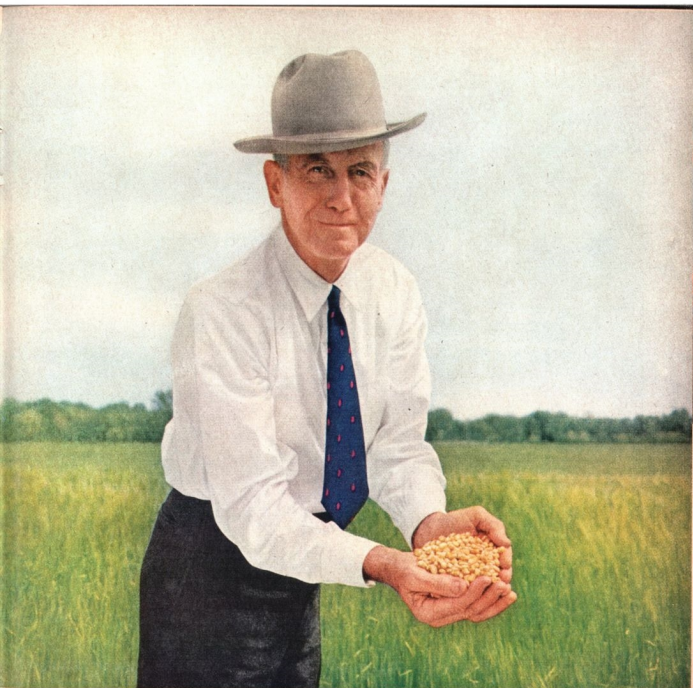
about his task," Reiner will say, "Scalpel . . . suture . . . scissors . . ." The tension mounted. Suddenly, a door at the rear of the operating chamber opened and a voice said . . . At this point Reiner gleefully tosses the story at the contestant, and he encloses a small bomb in it as well. Not only must the glib gladiators continue the story—improvising alternately until cut off by a buzzer—but they must also try to work in a secret phrase that Reiner has handed them, without the opposing panel's noticing it. Typical bomb of a phrase: "I know you saved my wife's life, doctor, but isn't \$300 a little high?"

Producer Herb Wolf, who thought up the show, took pains to loosen the ad-libbed tongues in town. Among them: Comedians Joey Bishop, Paul Winchell and Morey Amsterdam. Actress Audrey Meadows. Author-Actress Ilka Chase. Actor Danny Dayton. At a dizzying clip, they twist the story a thousand fantastic ways to try to get their line in undetected, and along the way throw in every gag they can think of. (Dayton, given the suspenseful operating-room scene to work on, opened with: "Tennis, anyone?") Producer Wolf, who stands off in the wings pushing the buzzer that will transfer the story from one tale spinner to the other, has his own kind of fun. Once he pushed the buzzer on Dayton six times, waiting each time until Dayton had maneuvered the story to a point where he could inject his phrase, then cutting him off. The contestants themselves think up ridiculous sentences to throw opponents off the track. Amsterdam's favorite: "Give me two rotten eggs and an order of burned toast."

The show's pressagents highfalutinly suggest that it is a derivation from the Italian *commedia dell'arte*, but Producer Wolf says: "Hoey. It's just something I thought up. I guess I must have played something like it when I was a kid."



M.C. REINER WITH DAYTON & WINCHELL
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RELIGION

Robert's Rib

The story of Creation as the Bible tells it, says Author Robert Graves, ain't necessarily so. In fact, the *Book of Genesis* has the story so mixed up that the creation of Eve from Adam's rib, for instance, is really the misreading of a picture of one man killing another with a curved knife (hence the rib) in a quarrel over a woman.

Graves's go at *Genesis* is more than a scholarly quirk from a quirky man of letters; it is part of a campaign. For Poet-Novelist-Essayist-Historian Graves is also a devotee of the Divine Female who appears under one name or another in the world's myths and religions. In past books, such as *King Jesus* (TIME, Sept. 30, 1946), he has taken up arms in her behalf against what he considers the anti-feminist conspiracy of Judaism and



James Metcalf

ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF BELUS' MURDER
A killing or a creation?

Christianity. His latest book, *Adam's Rib* (Yoseloff; \$6), is an effort to rescue another archetype of the goddess—this time Eve—from her subordinate role in the order of creation.

A Lick from a Cow. The *Genesis* version of what happened in the Garden of Eden, says Graves, is the result of a process he calls "iconotropy"—the misreading of pictures and symbols from one culture to fit the religious bias of another. He cites the familiar myth of Europa and the bull as an example of this process: the Greeks developed the patriarchal Zeus cult at the expense of the once sovereign "Moon-goddess" by interpreting a Cretan icon of the "Goddess dominating the Minos Bull by riding on its back, as though Zeus, in bull disguise, were carrying off the maiden Europa to ravish her at his leisure."

Graves's theory is that the first four chapters of *Genesis* were written by a priest living in Jerusalem after the return of the Jews from exile in Babylonia. His priestly narrator was familiar with pre-exilic creation stories, and he used a set of Mycenaean-Edomite pictorial tablets "given to, or taken by, Joshua's invading Israelites when they seized Hebron." But either deliberately or through ignorance, he read the tablets in the wrong order and with the wrong cast of characters. This resulted in various anomalies, such as the

story of Eve's creation from Adam's rib—"equalled in perversity only by the post-Homeric Greek legends of Athene's birth from the head of Zeus, and Dionysus' birth from his thigh." For in all primitive myth, says the Goddess' Graves, "the female, not the male, gives life, even if she is no more than a primordial Scandinavian cow licking stones into human shape."

As the Ox Plows. Graves goes one better than mere verbal theorizing—he has pictorially theorized the original tablets in collaboration with Artist James Metcalf, who engraves them in a modern version of sub-Mycenaean style. He arranges his pictures first in the order in which the Bible has them—four sequences of nine, each sequence running from right to left. Then he arranges them in what he postulates as the original order—four sequences of nine, running alternately from right to left, then left to right, the order known from the Greek as *boustrophedon*, "as the ox plows." For instance, he says, the five pictures the *Genesis* author interpreted as 1) the creation of Eve, 2) the description of Man and Woman, 3) the temptation of Eve and the apple-eating, 4) the making of fig-leaf aprons, 5) the confrontation with God, tell quite a different story when considered in reverse order.

First, according to Graves's reading of the Hebron chronicle, comes No. 5—not God discovering a hiding Adam and Eve, but a man named Agenor finding his twin brother Belus making love to a girl named Hebe. The fig-leaf episode (No. 4) is the surprised lovers guiltily covering their nakedness, during which Hebe falls for Agenor, and in No. 3 is advised by the Serpent Death to give Belus an apple from the Serpent's tree. The apple drops Belus into unconsciousness (No. 2), whereupon Hebe tells Agenor to finish his brother off, which he does with his curved knife (No. 1)—the scene interpreted by the author of *Genesis* as God performing the famous operation on Adam.

Whether or not the rib was Adam's—it is certainly Graves's.

"Only the Pope"

All Rome was aware last week that the church has not only a new Pope but a new kind of Pope. Vatican aides were used to energy under Pius XII, but Pope John's decisiveness and, above all, his warmth took them by surprise.

Two major moves are reportedly in the making: 1) a convocation of all Far Eastern bishops, probably in Manila, to which the Pope will send two trusted cardinals, Gregory Peter Agagianian and Marcello Mimmi; 2) a consistory at which John will confer the red hat on many non-Italians, will probably give Mexico and the Philippines their first cardinals, is almost certain to appoint cardinals in Boston and Chicago, may increase the size of the Sacred College.

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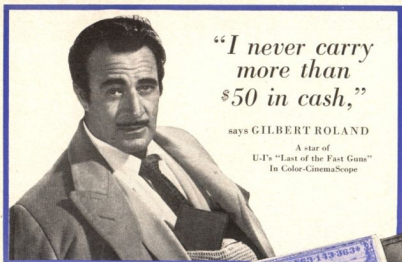
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presence known. Vatican employees, including elevator men and gardeners, were getting over their initial shock at being greeted informally by the Holy Father (Pope Pius XII had the gardens cleared before he entered them). Everyone was growing accustomed to the surprising sound of papal laughter ("Pius XII had a very gentle sense of humor," said one of the late Pope's closest advisers. "For 20 years I never saw him laugh"). John XXIII is not averse to starting laughter at his own expense. While speaking to a delegation of some 10,000 Venetians who came to Rome to see him crowned, he switched to Venetian dialect, broke into their appreciative applause with the words: "If you start that kind of thing, this audience will never finish. So please don't interrupt me—I mean us!"

Then he went on to give an extemporaneous homily, recalling how as a little boy with a sore foot he was carried by his father to a religious festival. "Today, riding in the *sedes gestatoria*, I remembered this. Today, too, I would have been unable to walk, for my knees were weak and my eyes were bewildered and overwhelmed by the events of the last few days . . . It is up to you to draw the conclusion: 'When necessary, have yourself carried by your Father, the Lord.'"

In the Wild Woods. In a formal homily before his coronation, John said: "In these days of great mystery and trepidation . . . we strain to hear the voices of the earth . . ." Newsmen soon found that the Pope's ear was surprisingly well attuned to these voices. In a precedent-breaking press conference in which he talked off-the-cuff in French, John spoke frankly of himself as "*moi-même*," apologized for not using the traditional papal "*we*" with "I'm not used to it yet." He went on to say that in the excitement of the past week "it has been hard to get to sleep, so I've been reading the newspapers, not out of vanity but simply out of curiosity. I noted the vigor with which you have pursued the secrets of the conclave, but I saw scarcely two accounts that were correct. Your strength was formidable, but the silence [of the conclave] has been even stronger."

"In the wild woods of the news, everyone would like the world shaped to fit his judgments . . . so I have read about learned Popes, political Popes and diplomatic Popes; but the Pope really is only the Pope—the good shepherd defending truth and goodness."

Accustomed to receiving full and formal texts of papal statements (which Pius XII painstakingly composed in advance), journalists had a hard time keeping up with John as he rattled on without notes, clapping his hands ebulliently to emphasize his points, almost bouncing in the commodious papal throne and glancing at the richly robed attendants of the papal antechamber to see if they laughed at his sallies. At the end of the conference, the Pope said cheerfully: "Now I'll give you a little blessing, if you want it—you may extend it to all those whom you keep in your heart."

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

New High

The stock market, along with the Democrats, swept to new highs last week. The Dow-Jones industrial average rose to a record 554.85, owing partly to some investors' fears of bigger spending and more inflation under the Democratic Congress. But many an investor had other good reasons for buying stocks, such as rising corporate earnings and continued recovery of the U.S. economy.

The market got another push from the short supply of stocks; mutual funds and other long-term investors have bought so much stock that comparatively small orders push prices up. When waves of profit-taking brought a dip, new buyers soon

AVIATION

Jets Across the U.S.

(See Cover)

Ever since Orville Wright took to the air in 1903, the progress of commercial aviation has been evolutionary. Planes grew bigger and faster, in predictable steps; for the past quarter-century they have increased their speed each year by 8 m.p.h. Today all that is ancient history. Evolution has become revolution with the age of the jet.

The jet will fly nearly twice as fast and nearly twice as high as the present piston planes, pack 40 times the power in its turbine engines. It will shrink the world by 40%, making no spot on earth more than a day's distance from a jet airport.

the U.S. on shakedown flights as regular as scheduled trips, cutting cross-continent flight time by more than three hours: 5½ hours from New York to Los Angeles, 4½ hours to return. On most of its major routes, American will start jet service months ahead of its competitors.

Of the \$2.6 billion that U.S. airlines will spend by 1962 on 400 new jetliners and improved ground facilities, American will plunk down \$440 million, by far the biggest sum of any airline, become the first to shift its line completely to jets. American has ordered \$365 million worth of new planes to be delivered by 1962: 25 Boeing 707s for long-distance flights, 25 shorter-range Boeings, 35 Lockheed Electra turboprops for short hops, and 25 Convair 600s, which, if the plane lives



AMERICAN JET FLAGSHIP LANDING AT SEATTLE

With cocoons, hi-fi, demineralized water and free drinks.

started prices up again, though at week's end the market had eased from the record high.

Commodity prices also rose during the week (the Dow-Jones spot index was up 2.40 points to 160.08, futures up 2.03 to 154.55) on the belief that Congress will boost support prices, causing an increase in overall agricultural prices. But, said Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith's Commodity Expert Harry B. Anderson: "Last week's rise in commodity indices is only flash-in-the-pan buying. With most grains and raw materials in oversupply, inflationary pressures are not very realistic and will be difficult to sustain."

For consumers the Agriculture Department predicts most foods will be more abundant and cheaper in 1959 than this year. Big harvests this fall and higher supplies of poultry and eggs are already dropping some prices, the department reported. Said Ewan Clague, commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics: "The consumer price index is likely to hold around current levels for the next few months. Inflation may turn out to be a problem in the longer run, but it is not an immediate prospect."

Manhattan businessmen will be able to commute to San Francisco for lunch, be back home after an afternoon's work in time for bed. Weekend flights to London and Paris will be as easy—perhaps easier—than weekend drives to the country in jam-packed Sunday traffic.

For U.S. airlines the jet age has already dawned over the Atlantic with the start of Pan American World Airways' service to Paris.⁸ But for countless Americans, it will not arrive until American Airlines President Cyrus Rowlett Smith, 59, a tough, hardworking boss who has built his line into the nation's biggest, sends an American jet winging off on the first transcontinental jet flight, two months hence.

First to Shift. American's role in introducing the U.S. public to the jet age will be greater than any other line's. It carries 8,000,000 passengers per year, one in every six Americans who fly in the U.S., and almost twice as many revenue passengers as all overseas U.S. airlines combined. Already its Boeing 707 jetliners are whooshing back and forth across

⁸ National Airlines plans to begin New York-Miami jet flights in December, but with only two jets, leased from Pan Am.

up to its billing, will be the world's fastest commercial jet (635 m.p.h.).

What will the jet revolution mean to the aviation industry and the U.S. public? Items:

Bigger Airports. Forty U.S. airports are spending \$260 million for jet-age buildings, new ground facilities and enlarged runways. To handle the jets, runways will have to be lengthened to at least 10,500 ft. vs. 7,500 ft. for the piston-propelled DC-7.

Better Controls. The new planes will fly so high and so fast that the Government will have to set up a whole new system of air controls to prevent collisions with military jets flying at the same heights, separate the jets from slower piston planes at lower levels. In the next five years, it will spend \$1.8 billion to set up all-weather, round-the-clock controls on all U.S. airways.

Bigger Planes. The Boeing 707s are 144 ft. long, 28 ft. longer than the biggest piston plane and longer than the distance of Wright's first flight. They seem more like roomy club cars than planes. Though the 707 will seat up to 150 people, American plans to seat only 112 at first, even-



J. Alex Langley

BOEING 707, which can carry 165 passengers at 575 m.p.h., ends test run at San Juan, Puerto Rico in shakedown for Pan Am Atlantic run. Other airlines will use 707 in U.S.

Nolan Patterson—Black Star

DOUGLAS DC-8 is tested in flight position for fuel capacity at Long Beach. It carries up to 151 passengers at 575 m.p.h., cruises at 40,000 ft. (some 20,000 ft. higher than the DC-7).





Marshall Lockman—Black Star

SOUND SUPPRESSORS developed by Boeing for 707 divide exhaust of 13,000-lb. thrust Pratt & Whitney engines into 21 separate streams with only 2% power loss, hold thrust reversers.

Nolan Patterson—Black Star



DC-8 TRAINER at Douglas' pilot-training center near Los Angeles, worth \$1,000,000, simulates flight emergency conditions, gives pilot ground view via TV as he works 120 controls.



TAXIWAY WIDENING at Detroit's Metropolitan Airport, part of \$26 million construction, prevents overhanging jet engines from sucking up dirt. Behind new terminal is 10,500-ft. runway that can accommodate any jet in world.



Art Shay

OXYGEN MASKS in Boeing 707 pop out of overhead pods at pilot's signal, or automatically if cabin pressure reaches 14,000 ft. (normal: up to 5,000 ft.), feed oxygen when pulled down, are required by CAB for flights over 25,000 ft.

J. Alex Longley



MOCKUP CABIN at New York International Airport gets Pan American stewardesses acquainted with 707, which has four galleys, infra-red ovens, electric coffeemakers, rolling tray holders.

J. Alex Longley



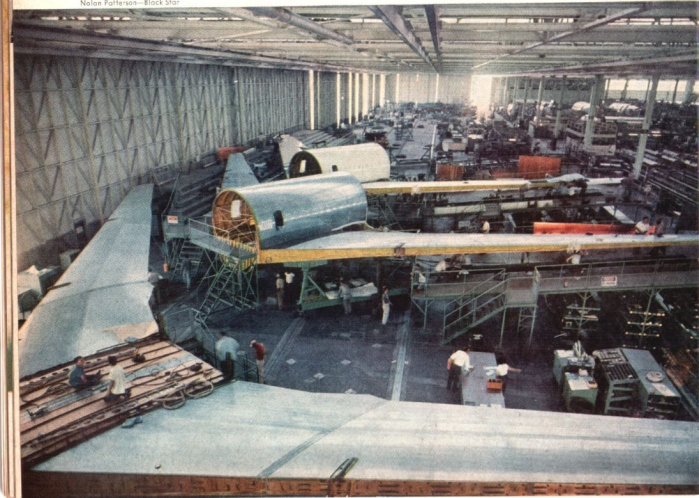


Joe McKown

COMET IV, cruising near London, was first to span the Atlantic with revenue load (for BOAC), setting 6-hr., 10-min. record. It can carry 81 passengers at 500 m.p.h.

Nolan Patterson—Black Star

CONVAIR 880s move along assembly line at San Diego plant. With range of 3,000 miles, they cruise at 615 m.p.h., carry up to 108, are powered by G.E. turbojets.



ly divided between first class and coach.

New Sensations. The new jets fly ahead of their engine noise, are so quiet that American plans to play hi-fi music—so free of vibration that there is virtually no feeling of motion. They will fly above most bad weather (at 30,000-35,000 ft.).

New Terminals. Major U.S. airlines are putting up jet-age terminals and hangars across the country to gear their operations to the jet age. American's \$75 million for new facilities will include a \$14 million passenger terminal and a \$12 million hangar at New York's Idlewild Airport, new hangars in several other cities. Passengers will wait for their flights in comfortable, soundproof lounges, board the jet on a single level through telescopic covered passageways that shoot out to the plane's two doors.

Faster Ticketing. American is working with IBM on an electronic system that can transmit information on every American flight across the U.S., enabling clerks to tell instantly which seats are free.

Daytime Flights. All of American's 1,000 daily flights will have to be rescheduled in the next three years. Since most people will prefer to fly in daytime and sleep in a bed at night, airlines expect overnight traffic to be cut to a trickle.

Faster Baggage Loading. American for one city will be placed in large protective plastic containers that are hoisted automatically into the jet's belly, enabling workers to load—and unload—twice as much baggage in the same time. "Right now," says an American executive, "we are still loading baggage on planes the same way they loaded Cleopatra's barge."

Better Food. Jetliners will have four galleys, which can turn out 280 cups of coffee per hour, and on overseas flights infra-red ovens that can broil 130 steaks an hour. New facilities on the jet (including rolling serving trays) will make it possible for attendants to prepare and serve a meal a minute.

Lower Fares. If the jets prove as economical as their new owners hope, fares will probably be lowered to attract more travelers. In any case, a jet ride will cost no more.

Not all these changes will take place right away. The jet age has come so fast that the U.S. is unprepared for it in many ways. Long ignored by indifferent Congresses, airway control and airport modernization are lagging badly. Only 14 U.S. airports are now ready to handle jets. Complete air control is still a paper project—though enough may be done by January to keep American's transcontinental jets under radar surveillance across the U.S. But most of the changes are inevitable, simply because the jet age demands them.

Monk & Gambler. On American Airlines, the changes will come naturally and inevitably to Cyrus Rowlett Smith, known familiarly in the industry as "C. R.," who has spent 24 years patiently and indefatigably making improvements in his line.

A big (6 ft. 1 in., 192 lbs.) gruff Texan, Smith has become a living legend in U.S. aviation. With the shrewd calculation of a gambler, the financial sagacity of a banker

and the dedication of a monk, he has propelled American Airlines into first place in the industry—and in the process has done more than any other man to improve the service and standards of U.S. airlines. Says United Air Lines President W. A. Patterson: "There's no man in the industry I respect more—and you usually don't say nice things about competitors."

Smith has some of the oddest working habits of any man in top industry. His typewriter is the most important piece of equipment American owns, and Smith pecks away at it for hours on end. He writes all his own speeches, many of American's institutional ads and stockholders' reports. Though he had the same secretary for 25 years (until she retired recently), he never let her write more than a handful of letters a year.

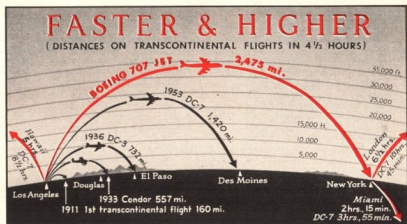
But the chief product of Smith's typewriter is his short, sharp memos, which rarely exceed a page. They cover every-

C. R. Smith acts with bewildering speed.

"C. R. is one of the few businessmen left in America," says Convair President Jack Naish, "with whom you can close a \$100 million deal on his word alone." After Smith decided to order the Convair 600 jet, he called on Naish, chatted briefly about fishing and baseball, then suddenly blurted: "Hey, my guys tell me this 600 is a pretty good airplane." Naish agreed. Said Smith: "We want 25. How much will it be?" Naish told him \$100 million. "O.K.," said C. R.—and walked out.

Smith is equally terse in social conversation. A visitor who recently had lunch with him asked what kind of work his father had done. Answered Smith: "As little as possible." Asked what sort of person his mother was, he replied: "Well, I liked her."

"We Have a Disaster." American Airlines is virtually an extension of C. R. Smith's bulky shadow, so interwoven with



thing from ideas on a new plane American is considering buying to complaints about an airliner's coffee, are dispatched in a steady stream to every corner of American's operations. Wrote Smith, after noticing that souvenirs were distributed on a crack Captain's flagship flight: "How long are you going to have them, and why have you got them at all?"

"I Liked Her." Nothing goes on along the 14,000 miles of American's routes or among its 21,000 employees that does not interest Smith. He often rides the line alone on weekends, keeping tabs on everything. His seamed, jowly face has become a familiar sight to stewardesses, pilots and mechanics, as he samples the food, checks the service, asks questions—all the while jotting notes on pieces of scrap paper. A rough and tough man's man, he often peppers his speech with four-letter words, can shoot out orders like a gunslinger on the loose. Recently he saw an American Airlines sign on a road leading to Detroit's Metropolitan airport, snapped: "Who the hell put that up?" He had noticed that the hand of the stewardess in the sign was grotesquely large. It was quickly changed. In a corporate world often dominated by slow-moving boards and committees,

his adult life that the two are almost inseparable. Born in Minerva, Texas (pop. 150), the eldest of seven children, Smith quit school to go to work at nine, after his father deserted the family. He worked his way through the University of Texas, took a job with Texas Financier and Promoter A. P. Barrett, and at 30 was named vice president of Southern Air Transport, a small airline Barrett had just bought. Smith learned to fly (though he was never a good pilot), ran the airline so well that when mammoth Aviation Corp. bought it out in 1929, one of the chief assets it acquired was C. R. Smith.

In a series of mergers, American Airlines grew out of Aviation Corp., and Smith became its president. He consolidated the line's crazy-quilt routes into a sense-making network, standardized its motley collection of planes with a whole new fleet of DC-3s, launched the first extensive seat-selling campaign in aviation history. So hard pressed was Smith for money to pay for all this that he went to Fellow-Texan Jesse Jones, then head of Reconstruction Finance Corp., and told him: "We have a disaster, and we heard you were set up to handle disasters." Jones lent him \$4,500,000. In 1936 American

turned its first profit: a modest \$4,600.

Job v. Wife. American Airlines became Smith's life and love—as pretty Dallas Debutante Elizabeth Manget discovered shortly after they were married in 1938. He never slackened his working pace—then or since—despite the fact that beginning in the 1930s he made a fortune in oil and gas that dwarfs his \$80,000-a-year salary at American, could retire and live a life of leisure. Smith took off only four days for his honeymoon, on his return sent his wife to his apartment while he went to the office. When he showed up 30 hours later, he could not understand why she was angry. He had his work to do—and that was that. His wife tired of competing with an airline, divorced him after the birth of a son, Douglas, now 19, though they remained good friends. Shortly afterward, Smith went to New York when American's offices were moved from Chicago, three parties with his brother Bill, often inviting whole casts of Broadway shows.

But Smith soon retreated from his fling at gaiety, nowadays leads a very different life—and, his friends say, a very lonely one. He lives in a six-room bachelor apartment in Manhattan, spends much of his time there reading or working, surrounded by mementos of the Old West. The rooms are paneled in pecky cypress, and most of the furniture (including Smith's bed) is of cactuswood. On the walls hangs a collection of Western paintings insured for \$250,000, mostly Remingtons and Russells. Dozens of bearskins cover the floor. Smith's showpiece: an oldtime Western bar, with velvet wall coverings, brass railing, and spittoons.

For relaxation Smith likes to hunt and fish with such cronies as Cities Service Chairman W. Alton Jones and Notre Dame President Father Theodore Hesburgh, or to play poker—often for stakes of \$2,000 an evening. Says Smith: "You've got to play for stakes that mean something, or you get sloppy."

Brass Backed. Smith never let himself get sloppy, was unafraid to take a gamble to put American out ahead. For example, while most other airlines were shunning New York's newly built La Guardia field in 1938 because they did not want the bother and expense of moving from Newark, Smith saw that the shift closer to Manhattan would improve service, switched American's New York base to La Guardia. New York City was so glad to get American that the gamble paid off. Smith got a rock-bottom rental, and the other airlines were eventually forced to follow, but at much higher rates.

When World War II began, Smith resigned from American to become an Army Air Corps colonel. He was made second-in-command of the Air Transport Command in Washington, ended up as a major general. His old boss, Lieut. General Harold L. George, gives him the "principal credit" for success. Used to cracking out orders himself, C.R. was not awed by brass. George remembers vividly the time Smith disagreed with General Henry ("Hap") Arnold, Army Air Force chief,

"C.R. turned around and said," recalled George, "Hap, that's a hell of a way to run a railroad."

Touch & Go. At war's end Smith returned to American, convinced that the great strides made during the war in air transport would bring on the air age and a huge new air-travel market. Just as he had worked with Douglas on the DC-3, he encouraged the firm to build the four-motored, long-range DC-6s, boldly ordered a fleet of 125 DC-6s and short-range, two-engined Consolidated Vultee CV-240s. As usual, he showed himself a master at timing and bargaining. So eager was Consolidated (now Convair) for orders to relieve its postwar slump that he got the 240s for the rock-bottom price of \$225,000 each; even now, American is selling them for nearly what it paid.

To pay for his new planes, C.R. pulled off a financial coup by arranging to sell \$40 million in preferred stock issues and \$40 million in debentures, by far the biggest airline financing till then. Since the unprecedented move came at a time when airline finances were weakening, it was touch and go whether the underwriters would not back out at the last minute. Said Smith to an associate, when he sat down to sign the deal: "Boy, if we hadn't got to work on time this morning, we wouldn't have any deal."

For a year or two, it looked as if he had speculated wrongly about the future of air travel, had dangerously overexpanded. A subsidiary, American Overseas, had started transatlantic flights and lost money with almost every plane-load. Domestic air travel did not expand nearly so fast as Smith expected. In the first three postwar years, American piled up losses of \$6.7 million.

But the new financing provided the

money to ride out the postwar ups and downs. When the travel boom did arrive, American was in better shape than any other line to meet it. Like any good gambler, Smith decided to cut his losses on American Overseas by selling it to Pan American for \$10.7 million. In 1949 American broke through the dark clouds with net earnings of more than \$7,000,000. That encouraged, C.R. took a squint into the future and decided to expand again. He placed the first order for 25 of Douglas' big, fast DC-7s, which he got for some \$700,000 less than later buyers, used them to begin the first round-trip, nonstop flights across the continent. American has been in the black ever since '49; despite a slump in airline earnings, American held its own this year with nine-month earnings of \$13,325,000, on a par with last year's nine-month earnings of \$10,148,000, after allowing for a change in depreciation policy.

Whisky for Daughter. While leading the field with bold financing and new equipment, American also built up a reputation for service, based on C.R.'s deep belief that passengers must be handled with care. One Smith innovation: "Admirals' Clubs" at major airports to give 30,000 steady American customers (who joined by invitation) the chance to relax or drink while waiting for flights.

Smith, who drinks sparingly but ages his own 150-proof bourbon in special barrels for his friends, at first balked at the introduction of liquor on airlines. Later he decided to serve it—free. Says he: "It costs you more money to sell liquor than to give it away. Also, we don't want our girls to sell whisky. Would you want your daughter to be an airline hostess if she sold whisky?"

When the jet planes were ready for production, C. R. Smith decided that for once American did not have to be first, though it could not afford to be last. He held off ordering until Pan American had placed the first firm orders for the Boeing 707 and the Douglas DC-8, and United Air Lines had picked the DC-8. He shrewdly figured this would increase his bargaining power—as it did. To land American's order, Boeing agreed to enlarge the 707 fuselage, sell the planes for \$500,000 less apiece than the DC-8.

Topflight Staff. No sooner had American signed its jet contracts than it began planning for the long and involved transition from props. Though Smith personally keeps tabs on every major problem, he is surrounded by topflight staffers: Among them:

Q. O. M. ("Red") Mosier, 61, executive vice president in charge of operations, is a big, sugar-voiced barrel of a man, who bosses the biggest operations setup in the industry, spends 70% of American's dollar. A onetime barnstorming pilot, football coach and city manager, Mosier was hand-picked by Smith in 1938, is gearing every part of American's operation to such jet-age innovations as new fuel supplies (the jets eat up 2,000 gal. of kerosene per hour). American's 1,000 maintenance men must virtually relearn their



C.R. & F.D.R. (1944)
No brass polisher he.



MOSIER



BOYD



HOGAN



ROMAN

In the next three years, a change in 1,000 daily schedules.

jobs; the jet training manual alone consists of two volumes four inches thick.

¶ Charles A. Rheinstrom, 56, executive vice president for sales, quit American in 1946 after 18 years, went into advertising, came back this year at Smith's request to take on the job of selling jet seats to the public. In the 1930s Charlie Rheinstrom was the first to meet head on the public fear of flying, which other airlines ignored, with an unprecedented ad titled "Afraid to Fly?"

¶ William J. Hogan, 56, executive vice president for finance, is a wiry, greying man, who has won an industry-wide reputation for shrewdness by getting American's money on the best terms, making it stretch farther with careful planning. Smith hired him in 1947 when he was treasurer and controller of H. J. Heinz Co.

¶ William Littlewood, 60, vice president in charge of equipment research, is one of the world's leading aircraft engineers. He has made contributions to the development of every plane American has bought, worked for ten years with aircraft makers to develop commercial jets.

¶ Thomas L. Boyd, 50, slender, intense vice president for flight, has been flying for more than a quarter-century. He joined American in 1934 as a pilot, became a captain two years later, rose through the flight ranks to his present position. His job is to train pilots and flight crews for the jet age, make both jets and pistons leave and arrive on schedule. He has worked on more than 2.1 million simulated jet flights, with the help of electronic machines that calculate the jet's fuel load, payload, schedule etc. as if it were on a regular run.

¶ Ellie Roman, honey-blonde staff supervisor in charge of American's 1,300 stewardesses, fulfilled a childhood ambition to become a stewardess, moved to New York from Chicago last year to take charge of training American's stewardesses for the jet age. Her tasks: teaching the girls to cope with the extra passengers and extra facilities (oxygen masks, self-contained air conditioning) of the new jets, give passengers "a sense of security" by explaining the jet's new aeronautical features and such unfamiliar terms as Mach, the measure of jet speed.

Money Gremlins. Thanks to the financial acumen of Smith and Hogan, American does not have to worry about one big jet-age problem: how to pay for the new jets. American financed its jet purchases three years ago on the best terms in the industry, with \$135 million long-term loans from Metropolitan Life Insurance and Prudential Insurance, saved \$80 million in capital outlay by leasing its jet engines instead of buying them, the first in the industry to do so. While Pan American and United have also worked out their jet financing problems, most other U.S. airlines just do not have the money to pay for the new jets. With earnings down and expenses up, they will be hard pressed to find sympathetic lenders, may have to cancel or cut back their orders.

Once airlines could have footed part of the bill through the sale of old equipment, but even here the picture is dark. Most airlines that could pay for the big, expensive Super Constellations and DC-7s that the airlines want to sell are ordering jets themselves. But C.R., getting a jump on the industry again, has found a home for some of his prop planes. Last week General Aircraft and Leasing Co., which deals in new and used aircraft, announced that it will buy 25 DC-7s from American.

Easy to Sell? How will the airlines fill the extra seats made available by the greater speed and capacity of the new planes? In the next three years, the number of seats will nearly double. Furthermore, the annual traffic increase of 15%, which alone would not fill all the seats, did not take place this year. American and the industry hope to get more people to fly more often, attract the 70% of adult Americans who have never flown. Despite the growth of the industry, the market has hardly been scratched: some 250,000 travelers account for 40% of all U.S. flying. Says C.R.: "I think jet transportation will be the easiest thing to sell that we ever sold."

To sell their extra seats, the airlines must find a way to overcome public wariness of the new jets, with their great speeds and unfamiliar features. A recent travel-market survey by the University of Michigan showed that half the people polled would not like to ride in jets, al-



LITTLEWOOD



RHEINSTROM

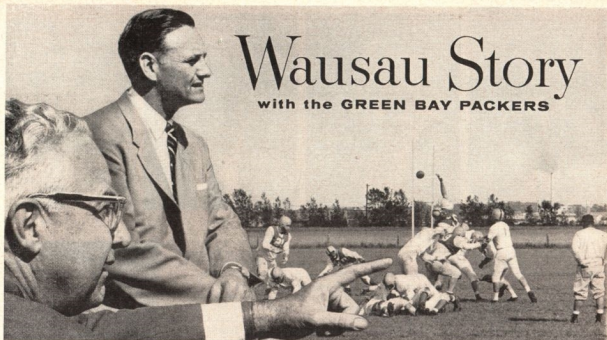
though 62% had never flown at all. Ignorance went hand in hand with coolness to the jets: more than three-quarters who disliked them either had no idea when jets would be flying in the U.S. or guessed wildly wrong. Of those who had flown before, 72% wanted to ride in a jet.

Even United Air Lines President Patterson admits: "There are quite a few people who are not going to run out and jump in a jet right away. They are going to wait and see." Nonetheless, American Airlines is already booked solid for its first two months of transcontinental jet flights, and Pan American's bookings are running double last year's.

The 707 is the most thoroughly flight-tested and debugged air transport ever to

Photos by Ben Martin

Walter Bennett



Wausau Story

with the GREEN BAY PACKERS

*The Pro Town with the College Spirit
is also Wausau Country*

A Green Bay Packer practice session finds two of the Packer Backers of over 1700 sizing up the team. Rey Challoner (left) is the Employers Mutuals' sales representative in Green Bay. John S. Stiles is president of the Morley-Murphy Company and president of the National Wholesale Hardware Association.



by **JOHN TORINUS**, Managing Editor
Green Bay Press-Gazette

"Having grown up in Green Bay, I'm proud that our community-owned and operated football team has made Green Bay the best known little city in America. But I admit that we have a neighbor, Wausau, Wisconsin, which gives us a lot of competition for that best known little city title.

"Instead of a professional football team, Wausau's fame comes from its unique way of working. And from what I've learned, that 'Wausau Way' is best reflected by an insurance company, Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

"Employers Mutuals' Representative in Green Bay, 'Rey' Challoner is a typical example of the Wausau—and Green Bay—spirit. He's a great Packer Backer, former president of our Association of Commerce, Community Chest and leader in other activities and in the Green Bay area he's 'Mr. Workmen's Compensation.' His business card reads—'Good people to do business with.' Green Bay Packer directors like president Dominic Olejniczak and John Stiles who do business with Rey, say the card reads right."

The community consciousness of Employers Mutuals' representatives everywhere is our "Wausau Way" of doing business. You'll find it in our offices all across the country where we write all forms of fire and casualty insurance including group and automobile. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



Employers Mutuals' Rey Challoner has a neighborly visit with policyholder Dominic Olejniczak, president of the Green Bay Packers and former Mayor of the city. Mr. Olejniczak, like many other Green Bay Packer directors, finds the "Wausau Way" is personal and thorough on all insurance problems.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



*"Good people to do
business with"*

go into service, had 50,000 flying hours as a military tanker and commercial prototype before the first plane was delivered to American. The pilots are delighted with it—although their wage demands for the jet age may ground some of the airlines before the fight is over. The pilots insist that the third man in the jet cockpit be a pilot instead of an engineer (TIME, May 5), want more money (\$45,000 a year for a Pan American flight captain v. \$25,000 now) on grounds that the jets are harder to fly. But the jets are easier, have 100 fewer instruments than the DC-7.

Air Cocoon. The high-pitched whine of the jet engines has brought complaints from householders near airports, led some airports to impose restrictions that cut into the jets' payload. But despite all the uproar, the sound suppressors that every jet uses cut their noise level to that of a DC-7, makes the noise argument seem as dated as the early objections to the noise of the horseless carriage.

Perhaps the most serious problem for American and the other lines is the vanishing U.S. airspace. A jet moving at an average of ten miles a minute will require an air cocoon of 6,000 square miles 2,000 ft. deep for safety. Jets will reach heights formerly monopolized by military planes, will need precise traffic controls to keep them on their separate ways. Last summer Congress belatedly created a new jet-age federal agency, the Federal Aviation Agency, which will supplant the old Civil Aeronautics Administration on Jan. 1, take over safety-regulations functions from the Civil Aeronautics Board. Headed by Elwood ("Pete") Quesada, retired Air Force lieutenant general, the new agency will control both military and commercial jet movements, try to set up round-the-clock, all-weather control of U.S. aircraft. Last week Quesada announced a significant step forward: he made a deal with the U.S. Air Force to station FAA observers in the military air control stations. For the first time, the flights of military and commercial planes will be closely coordinated.

Supersonic Planes. Within a year jets will be in service in almost every part of the U.S. By 1961-62 there will be only a small number of piston-planes flying commercial U.S. flights. But U.S. airlines will hardly have phased out their piston planes—and will still be struggling to pay for their jets—when they will face another major advance in aviation.

The next step will be huge supersonic liners that can carry twice as many passengers as the jet at speeds of 1,500-2,000 m.p.h. and at altitudes of 60,000 ft. or higher. Both Lockheed and Boeing are already drawing plans for supersonic liners, could probably put one in the air in three years. But airline manufacturers agree that the first supersonic liners will not appear for another ten years.

Says Smith: "Sure, we could build a plane to go through the sound barrier right now. But we couldn't get our money back. We couldn't charge enough for a ticket." He expects the present jets to be around for a long time.

WALL STREET

Votes for A. & P. Stockholders

The world's biggest grocery, The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., last week announced plans to give shareholders outside the Hartford family a vote in how the family-controlled corporation will be run. Some 10% of A. & P. stock is now held by the public, but the shares carry no regular voting power. The move is the first step in what Wall Street believes is a plan for the heirs of A. & P. Founder George H. Hartford* to sell part of their 81% stock interest in the food chain (last fiscal year sales: \$4.8 billion).

To lay the groundwork for the sale of stock, A. & P. President Ralph W. Burger outlined a proposal, expected to be ap-

proved in the company, the nonvoting common stock was selling for about \$175 a share on the American Stock Exchange. It has risen steadily since then and closed at \$445 a share the day before the plan was announced. Next day it scooped up 40 points to close at week's end at \$485.

AUTOS

Ford's Finest

In Lincoln-Mercury showrooms this week, well-heeled auto buyers inspected the new \$10,238 Mark IV Continental limousine. Priced nearly \$3,000 above the top of the 1957 line, a \$7,500 convertible, the Continental includes as standard equipment \$2,044 worth of accessories and usually optional equipment. These range



Joe Clark

THE MARK IV CONTINENTAL LIMOUSINE
Just like the model T.

proved at a meeting in December, to 1) replace present nonvoting common and preferred stock with a single class of voting common stock; 2) split all outstanding common shares on a 10-for-1 basis and issue three shares of common for each preferred share; 3) apply for listing of the new common stock on the New York Stock Exchange.

There will be only a single issue of A. & P. stock of 21,639,206 shares outstanding (of the 28 million authorized) when the changes are approved. Each share, both family and publicly held, will carry one vote. More shares will probably be offered later. In addition, the heirs and the Hartford charitable foundation are expected to lighten their holdings in order to diversify their investments or for inheritance tax purposes.

When word first circulated on Wall Street in October 1957 that a plan was being considered to broaden public owner-

ship from a \$25 chrome curb-guard molding, up through electric doorlocks (\$59.15 for four doors) to dual radios (\$152.70 apiece) and dual air conditioners (\$440 apiece). When the retractable curved-glass partition between the front and back seats is up, passengers and chauffeur can listen to different radio programs in individually adjusted air conditioning. Like the original model T, the limousine comes in just one color, black.

CORPORATIONS

The Little Giant

As the nation's largest independent telephone company, General Telephone Corp. has been eclipsed by American Telephone & Telegraph Co. only because next to A. T. & T. any other corporation would look small. But General Telephone is a giant in its own right. Last week it planned to grow bigger. Its directors approved a deal, subject to stockholder approval on both sides, for General Telephone to take over Sylvania Electric Products Inc. on a share-for-share trade. The result: \$1.5 billion in total assets, 76,000 employees.

For both companies the merger is a good deal. Sylvania has expanded some 17% in the last five years and has a \$60 million backlog of defense orders for missile components and electronic systems. But it needs more capital. On its side,

* Four of Founder Hartford's grandchildren and a great-granddaughter each own 10% of the voting stock. They are George Huntington Hartford II, theatrical producer and art fancier, of Manhattan; Mrs. John F. Bryce of Manhattan; Mrs. Charles Robertson of Huntington, L.I.; Mrs. Allan J. McIntosh of Bedford Village, N.Y.; and Mrs. Henry G. Carpenter of Shelter Island, N.Y. Five other descendants each own 2% of the outstanding voting stock, and another 40% is in the John A. Hartford Foundation set up by brothers John and George Hartford (TIME, Oct. 7, 1957).

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General Telephone needs a bigger base in the electronics field, anticipating the day when telephone service will dispense with some land lines and electromechanical switching equipment, take to radio and other electronic equipment. In April 1957 the companies reached the "getting to know you" stage when General Telephone President Donald C. Power, 58, went on Sylvania's board. In the merged General Telephone & Electronics Corp., Power will be chairman and chief executive officer; Sylvania's President Don G. Mitchell, 53, will be president.

For General Telephone, the little giant of the phone business, the road up began in 1935 with the reorganization of Associated Telephone Utilities, a bankrupt grab bag of country telephone companies,



POWER & MITCHELL
Signed up for a two-party line.

mostly in the Midwest. Hampered by antique equipment, the company hung on through the '30s and the war years, in 1945 entered the postwar period with 713,453 telephones. The postwar shift to the suburbs and exurbs lifted that to 1,417,109 by 1951, when Power, a former Ohio State University economics professor, law partner of Senator John Bricker and general counsel to Ohio's Public Utilities Commission, took over as president. Last year's 3,000,000 subscribers were served by 28 subsidiaries operating in 5,306 U.S. communities, and in areas of Canada and the Dominican Republic.

As an old rate man, President Power went to work to increase rates, got state utility commissions to okay changes that raised average earnings from 4.3% on investment to 6.6%. Then he used the income to improve service in existing companies, acquire new ones.

Financially, General Telephone has managed to avoid the drop in per-share earnings that usually comes with the dilution of ownership through rapid expansion. In the first nine months of this year, General Telephone earned \$36 million or \$2.29 a share of common v. \$33.8 million or \$2.25 last year.

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STREET

CITY

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EDUCATION

Moderate Victory

The Houston school board, which runs the nation's largest (159,200 students) segregated school system, last week found itself in an unsettling situation—its newest member, 42-year-old Mrs. Hattie Mae White, is a Negro. A former public school teacher and mother of five children, Mrs. White startled Houston citizens when she announced her candidacy ten weeks ago. She was written off as a crusading eccentric when she ignored a vacant seat on the school board, decided instead to run against Board Member Dr. John K. Glen, a staunch segregationist.

At the outset, the liberal Houston Association of Better Schools, of which Mrs. White is a member, proved itself not quite liberal enough to ignore her race, refused to endorse her candidacy. But a milk-bottle collection in Houston's Negro districts boosted funds to some \$4,000, and Candidate White began a hard campaign. Pointedly, she talked of issues, e.g., Houston schoolchildren pay 4¢ more a half-pint for lunchtime milk than children in surrounding districts because the hyperconservative school board has refused to accept federal aid. She did not orate for integration. But she visited Negro schools, some of which lack libraries, cafeterias, permanent buildings, reported wryly: "I have found them very separate, but not quite equal."

Last week Moderate White won a handy victory over Segregationist Glen. That she outpulled her opponent in a surprising number of white districts holds real hope for Houston; almost inevitably during her four-year term, the city will have to choose between integration and the educational atrophy of a Little Rock.

Looking Backward, Sourly

At its most caustic, social satire is brewed from sweet reasonableness, and nothing could be more reasonable than the modest educational proposal that is the basis of a spoofing report from the 21st century by British Sociologist Michael Young. First premise of *The Rise of the Meritocracy, 1870-2033*, published in London, is merely this: every bright child, regardless of his parents' wealth or lack of it, should get the best education he is capable of absorbing. The proposition is hardly alarming, but by the book's end it has left a trail like a runaway milk-wagon horse. Among the casualties: the British Labor Party (which Young served as research secretary from 1945-51); the commissar's cast of mind that sees education solely as a means for national advancement; the sociologist's view of the individual as a cell that lives for the benefit of the organism, society; and the psychologist's notion that intelligence and aspiration can be measured like prize trout.

$I + E = M$. With roundabout humor, Young reminds his readers of the events, starting in the 1940s, that led to a blos-



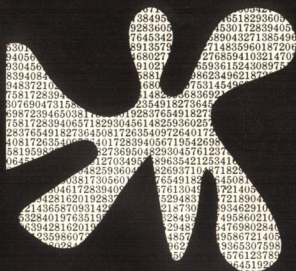
Dan Hardy—Houston Post

HOUSTON SCHOOL BOARD'S WHITE
"Very separate, not quite equal."

soming Utopia. By mid-20th century, he assumes, Britain's best minds had realized that their country's economy could no longer compete with those of the U.S., Russia and China under a haphazard system that prevented some bright children of the poor from reaching responsible jobs rightfully theirs, and fortified doltish sons of the rich and well-born in positions of power. The answer: meritocracy, which is rule by the most talented, determined according to the formula $I + E = M$ (Intelligence plus Effort equals Merit).

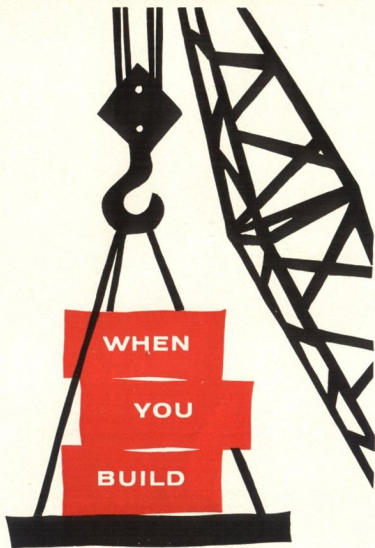
Britain's socialists, dedicated opponents of wealth and high birth, helped to get things going. Young reports, but they nearly ruined everything by insisting that equality of opportunity meant educating all children, bright and dull, in the same comprehensive schools (this, very roughly, is what the Labor Party currently proposes). Clearly, this plan was too American, writes Young: "Americans, far from prizing brainpower, despised it . . . In the continent of the common man, they established common schools which recognized no child superior to another." Another kind of education was necessary for Britain; "Englishmen of the solid centre never believed in equality. They assumed that some men were better than others, and only wanted to be told in what respect."

By 2020 intelligence tests had been developed that could spot a child's ability and bent at three. Children with IQs of 116 and up were sent to state-supported grammar schools; dullards were taught to read, write and play games at common schools. Uplifting leisure activities were planned for bright students, who "no longer need to spend any of their spare time with their families. Their homes have become simply hotels, to the great



954
293

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benefit of the children." Students, of course, received a "learning wage," were members of the B.U.G.S.A. (British Union of Grammar School Attenders).

Shifting IQs. Periodic intelligence testing gave parents of dull children the hope that their dimwitted offspring would blossom late; and tests taken throughout life ensured that when IQ went up—or down—jobs changed accordingly. Mere age, of course, commands no respect in a meritocracy; as IQ dips in the fifth or sixth decade of life, Young writes, "the managing director had to become an office mechanic . . . the professor an assistant in the library. There have been judges who have become taxi drivers, bishops curates, and publishers writers."

Of course there are malcontents: "Every now and then an old man, overtaken by a younger . . . turns to blame . . . the social order which makes possible the indignity he feels." And until testing methods were made foolproof, parents high in the meritocracy tried to give their occasional stupid children the appearance of wit, then ease them "into a cosy corner of one of the less exacting professions, such as law or stockbroking."

For the most part, meritocracy works; the upper class knows for the first time in history that it is superior in all ways to the lower; and the intellectual proletariat is encouraged to accept a "just inferiority" and develop a liking for sports. Modern wonders abound in Young's Utopia; the morning rocket leaves regularly for the moon, and England's southwestern counties have been covered with concrete for the convenience of motorists. But even as the author writes, the end is in sight. A general strike is called by a fusion party of disgruntled old men, trade unionists dimly aware that their class has been milked of all intelligence capable of leadership, and upper-class women amorously alive to the proletarian athletes' big muscles. Blindly the author discounts the unrest; his publisher ends the book with a note that the writer was unable to correct proofs because he was killed in the uprising.

Twinedly alive, and working at the Ford Foundation-financed Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences near Palo Alto, Calif., Young said last week to a *TIME* correspondent: "I tried to extrapolate the tendency in Britain to pick out the best and make them the elite. All our students should have at least been to the same schools at the same time. I want English schools more like yours, and your educators seem to want yours more like ours."

View from the Bridge

At inaugural ceremonies for the University of Washington's new president, Charles E. Odegaard, President Clark Kerr of the University of California last week offered some of the green fruit of his experience: "I find that the three major administrative problems on a campus are sex for the students, athletics for the alumni and parking for the faculty."

Dollars

that do two jobs

—important to you
and to the nation

A young research engineer and his family made an interesting discovery recently when they decided to move from a midwestern city to one of its nearby suburbs.

In discussing the financing of their new home, they learned that the mortgage was held by a life insurance company. Moreover, it happened to be the same company from which the young engineer had recently purchased a life insurance policy.

What this family could not know is that life insurance companies had helped hundreds of other families in that area to become homeowners. And the shopping center, only a mile or so from their new house, was built largely with life insurance money.

It's happening everywhere

This pattern is being repeated all over America. Home loans are among the most important investments the life insurance business makes. Since the end of World War II, nearly four million individual homes have been built with the help of life insurance funds. On the average, these mortgages have been for about \$9,000 each.

Not everybody, of course, is moving from city to suburb. Many are moving to the city, to take up residence in houses or apartments, many of which are financed by life insurance dollars.

In some parts of the country, business sections of big cities have had their faces lifted with the help of investments provided by the life insurance savings of millions of Americans. *Some cities, in fact, have experienced an economic and social re-birth with the help of such investments.*

Double-duty dollars

This use of life insurance funds to help meet the housing needs of families and business is an example of how your life insurance dollars do two jobs. Besides providing protection for you and your family, they are kept busy as capital needed for America's growth. *In this way, they earn interest that helps hold down the cost of your life insurance.*

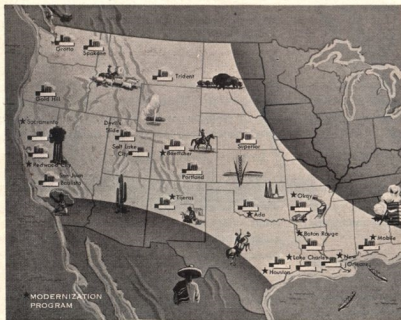
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MILESTONES

Born. To Peter Lawford, 35, London-born actor of films (*It Should Happen to You*) and TV (*The Thin Man*), and Patricia Kennedy Lawford, 33, younger sister of Massachusetts' Senator John F. Kennedy; a second daughter, third child; in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Victoria. Weight: 5 lbs. 10½ oz.

Born. To Albert Fred ("Red") Schoendienst, 35, switch-hitting second baseman of the Milwaukee Braves, and Mary Eileen O'Reilly Schoendienst, 35; their first son, fourth child; in St. Louis. Name: Albert Kevin. Weight: 7 lbs. 14 oz.

Married. Martha Raye, 42, singing comedienne; and Robert O'Shea, 31, Manhattan private eye, former Westport (Conn.) cop whose first wife filed an alienation-of-affections suit against Martha Raye; she for the sixth time, he for the second; by the mayor of Teaneck, N.J., in the mayor's living room.

Married. Sir John Huggins, 67, retired British Governor in Chief of Jamaica (1943-51); and Margaret Hitchcock, 45, his first wife's dressmaker, with whom Sir John bolted to Italy last spring, bringing an end to both previous marriages (said Lady Huggins at the time: "My husband is a victim of the 30-year itch"); in Alton, England.

Divorced. Wanda Hendrix, 30, sometime movie starlet (*Miss Tatlock's Millions*, *Prince of Foxes*); by James Langford Stack Jr., 42, rich Nevada sport; after four years of marriage; in Reno.

Died. Harry Revel, 52, bachelor composer of popular love songs (*Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*), who also wrote scores for Broadway (*Ziegfeld Follies of 1931*) and Hollywood, often teamed with Lyricist Mack Gordon; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Manhattan.

Died. Countess Guy du Boisrouvray, 55; in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Formerly Luz Mila Patiño, the countess was the daughter of the late Simón Patiño, a Bolivian *cholo* (part Indian) who turned an abandoned tin mine into a fortune once estimated at \$1 billion and a higher annual income than the Bolivian government, dealt out his children in marriage to Europe's thoroughbreds.

Died. Sam Zimbalist, 57, M-G-M producer whose fondness for spectacle resulted in such films as *Quo Vadis*, *King Solomon's Mines*, *Mogambo*; of a heart attack on the set of one of the biggest splurges in cinema history—M-G-M's \$10 million-plus *Ben Hur*; in Rome.

Died. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, 79, novelist (*The Bent Twig*) and magazine writer, member for a quarter-century of the Book-of-the-Month Club selection board; in Arlington, Vt.

OUT TODAY in the NEW issue of

Volga voyage

An eye-filling spectacle as well as a major journalistic *tour de force*, LIFE's 20-page photo essay, "Journey Down the Great Volga," shows you Russia today as few Westerners have seen it. Sixteen color pages, plus many black-and-white photos.



Color

Color adds an extra dimension to picture news reports. Included in LIFE's 25 full-color pages this week are scenes from Pope John's coronation and the opening of Britain's Parliament, plus a cover photo of New York's Governor-elect Rockefeller.



Mysterious stomach

The stomach is frequently and unjustly blamed for a wide variety of ills. In a major text piece of interest to every stomach-owner, this week's LIFE reports what science has learned about this tough and dependable but much-maligned organ.



Star-duster

Movie-maker Howard Hawks has made stars of such then-unknowns as Rita Hayworth and Carole Lombard. You will meet in LIFE this week his newest discovery, exciting Angie Dickinson, whose role in *Rio Bravo* could start her to stardom.



LIFE



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Night Heaven Fell (Raoul J. Levy; Kingsley International). "Is it fun to make love?" the foxy little doxy inquires as she hip-flips up to the camera and (as the French say) "makes the lip." Since the girl is Brigitte Bardot, she obviously has no trouble getting all sorts of answers to her question.

The first answer is very French but not much fun. Brigitte's uncle, a not-too-old goat of a Spanish nobleman, tries to horn in on her afternoon nap, and only the fortunate interruption of a passing prelate rescues the heroine (and the audience) from a fade worse than death.

In Love and War (20th Century-Fox). In the midst of a battle sequence in this movie a wisecracking marine picks up a jangling field telephone. "Good morning," he says cheerily. "This is World War II." He couldn't be more mistaken. This is *World War II* as it seems, 13 years after the bloody fact, to a corps of Hollywood professionals who have unquestionably seen more scenes of combat in movie houses than in any actual theater of war. The big push in this picture, even though it is carefully filled out with official military footage, smells unmistakably of the klieg lamp, and the episodes on the home front, for all the respect they show to the times, might as well have taken place,



BULL & BARDOT in "THE NIGHT HEAVEN FELL"
He is cowed.

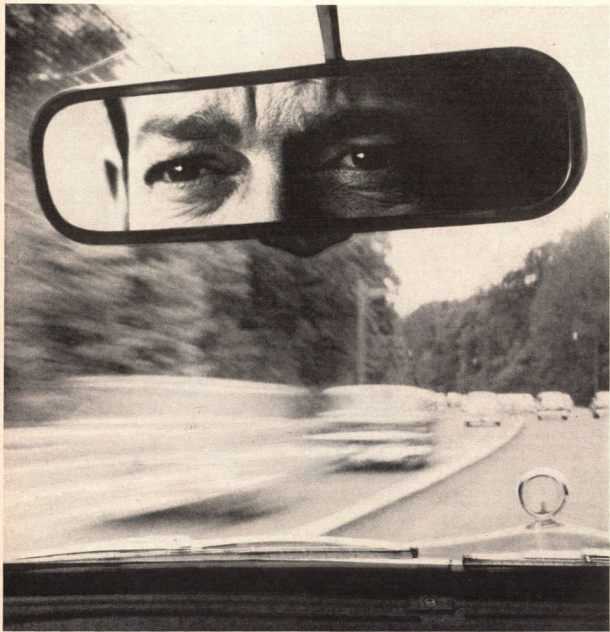
SCOOP

The second answer is very Spanish but rather grotesque. Since no suitable male is available, B.B. decides to make playful advances to a fighting bull. As she sidles up to him mooing small endearments, the poor bull just stands there looking cowed. The third answer is very Hollywood but sort of tedious. When a nice young sailor (Stephen Boyd) kills that nasty uncle, Brigitte helps him to escape. Night falls, and they hide out in an abandoned mill, a gypsy camp, a cave. On they go, one jump ahead of the police, until the censor has had just about all he can bare.

The story is not in itself a bad one, but as written it has a one-damn-thing-after-another monotony. And the color sometimes looks as if it had been scribbled over a black-and-white negative with children's crayons. In short, the film is carelessly put together—but Brigitte is not.

not in the Roosevelt era but during the Nebuchadnezzar administration.

As for the plot—derived from a 1957 novel, *The Big War*, by Anton Myrer—it is the usual panoramic, cram-it-all-in, move-over-Tolstoy sort of thing, with a plural hero (Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter, Bradford Dillman) who has any number of women (Dana Wynter, Hope Lange, Sheree North, France Nuyen) in his composite life. Nothing happens that has not happened a hundred times before in other war pictures—except perhaps an unusually large number of sincere but badly misdirected performances by promising young cinemactors. All of them, as Producer Jerry Wald proudly points out, have been carefully nurtured in the Fox talent school as a part of what Wald calls the studio's "reforestation program." A few pictures like this could reduce the lot of them to cordwood.



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BOOKS

The *Lolita* Case

At a book-author lunch in Manhattan not long ago, Vladimir Nabokov faced a formidable force of 1,000 literature-loving women, and when it was announced that, as a feature of the lunch, one of them had won an autographed copy of *Lolita*, the excited "oooooh" could be heard all the way to Larchmont. Few novels have stirred up so much critical controversy as Nabokov's account of a middle-aged psychopath's passion for a gum-chewing, teenage "nymphet" (TIME, Sept. 1).

Frederic Babcock, editor of the Chicago *Tribune's* Magazine of Books, proclaimed: "*Lolita* is pornography, and we do not plan to review it." Other abstainers: the *Christian Science Monitor* and the Baltimore *Sunpapers*. But most publications did brace themselves to review the book, and attacks were vehement. The Providence *Journal* was tempted, but resisted: "After wading along with a kind of fascinated horror through 140,000 words, most readers will probably become bored . . . at times downright sickened . . ." The New York *World Telegram's* Leslie Hanscom fumed that "there were moments . . . when my whole instinct was to land a Babbitt's righteous punch on the super-civilized nose of the author . . . The novel has a tone which says that, if you cannot swallow its exquisitely distilled sewage with a good appetite, then you'd better go back where you belong and read Elbert Hubbard's *Scrapbook*."

Damns & Praise. There was much applause, although not all critics seemed sure of what they were clapping about. The *Atlantic's* Charles Rolo: "One of the funniest of the serious novels I have ever read." Although the Jesuit weekly *America* was sternly critical, Thomas Molnar cheered in the liberal Catholic weekly, *Commonweal*: "It has been said that this book has a high literary value; it has much more; a style, an individuality, a brilliance which may yet create a tradition in American letters." Said *The New Yorker*: "The special class of satire to which *Lolita* belongs is small but select, and Mr. Nabokov has produced one of its finest examples."

Critic Lionel Trilling praised the book, speculated about its satirical intent: "To what end is a girl-child taught . . . to consider the brightness and fragrance of her hair, and the shape of her body, and her look of readiness for adventure? Why, what other end than that she shall be a really capable air-line hostess?" In *Esquire*, Dorothy Parker succumbed to Nabokov's charms before the reader's eyes: "*Lolita* is a fine book, a distinguished book—all right, then—a great book."

Split Personalities. *Lolita's* atmosphere of mental illness seems pervasive, and at least three publications developed schizoid tendencies from reading the book. The New York *Herald Tribune* sprouted two critical heads with contradictory views: in the Sunday book magazine, Gene Baro praised "a notable consistency and ar-

tistic force," but in a daily review John K. Hutchens decided that *Lolita* "is not, I think, a distinguished work." In the New York *Times* Sunday book section Novelist Elizabeth Janeway praised *Lolita* at length ("One of the funniest and one of the saddest books that will be published this year"), but in a daily *Times* review, Orville Prescott contradicted her: "There are two equally serious reasons why it isn't worth any adult reader's attention. The first is that it is dull, dull, dull . . . The second is that it is repulsive."

The New Republic contacted the most visible case of split personality, Critic Conrad Brenner extolled the book for four



BEN MARTIN
BOOK SCOUT RIDGEWELL
It pays to read.

pages, ended: "Vladimir Nabokov is an artist of the first rank, a writer in the great tradition . . . *Lolita* is probably the best fiction to come out of this country . . . since Faulkner's burst in the '30s. [Nabokov] may be the most important writer now going in this country." But later, the *New Republic* used a lead editorial to call *Lolita* an "obscene chronicle of murder and a child's destruction," somberly explained "what obliges us to differ with our own reviewer." It is "the real *Lolitas* who exist in darkness throughout their lives," ignored by book critics but "known to social workers and mental institutions."

The most unlikely follower in the wake of *Lolita* is not a literary critic but a superannuated (27) nymphet named Rosemary Ridgewell, a tall (5 ft. 8 in.), slitherily-bilithery onetime Lint Quarter showgirl who wears a gold swizzle stick around her neck and a bubbly smile on her face. Well may she bubble; 17 months ago she "discovered" *Lolita* when she read excerpts in the *Anchor Review* and told an acquaintance about it. The acquaintance, now her fast friend: Walter Minton, presi-

dent of Putnam's. Minton decided to publish the book, now has a major bestseller on his hands, and Scout Ridgewell has her cut (under a standing offer from Putnam's of a percentage for anyone who discovers "salable" book properties). She is getting the equivalent of 10% of author's royalties for the first year, plus 10% of the publisher's share of subsidiary rights for two years.

Odd part of the matter: the New York publishing world—which is small to the point of claustrophobia—knew all about *Lolita*. It had been published (in English) by Paris' Olympia Press, had been reviewed in the U.S. (TIME, March 18, 1957), but had not found a U.S. firm willing to take a chance on it. But Bookman Minton says he was not aware of *Lolita* until Reader Ridgewell brought it to his attention. Said Rosemary, happily swizzling a vodka on the rocks: "I thought Nabokov had a very interesting way of writing, very, you know—crystalline?"

Hell Is Here

BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED (147 pp.)—Aldous Huxley—Harper (\$3).

To the Space Age, Aldous Huxley, one of its prophets, has sent a message: "Have second thoughts, will not travel."

It is barely more than a quarter of a century since Huxley had a vile vision of mankind's future, in which a scientific power elite of cads presided over a proletariat of test-tube-bred sub-morons kept happy on a tranquilizer called *soma*. The elite could dispose of heretics by sending them to exile in rockets. Huxley lived to see the title of his book, *Brave New World*, pass into common language as a wry cliché. Now he argues that his nightmare is becoming a waking reality. Looking about today, Utopiarist Huxley is appalled to find how obediently the world has grown to his fictional clippers. Why this is hell, he says with Marlowe's Mephistophilis, nor are we out of it!

With the strangled sincerity of a man who would like to tell himself "say it ain't so," Huxley says it is.

Singing Theologians. In this verbally sparkling but essentially dismal exercise in self-vindication and world indictment, Huxley has assembled a mass of evidence to suggest that the human race is approaching his dread vision of total togetherness much more quickly than he estimated. (Huxley set the time of his *soma*-happy society in the 7th century A.F., or After Ford.) Institutes for Motivational Research, hidden persuaders and singing commercials make Huxley think man is being nudged closer to the dark side of the moonstruck world he once described.

His other examples range from brainwashing techniques of the Chinese Communists to the more beneficent therapies of a Californian penal system. In *Brave New World* Huxley had his director of Hatcheries and Conditioning use a technique called *hypnopædia*, by which subjects got moral training during sleep. In 1957 the warden of the Woodland Road Camp of Tulare County, Calif. was doing

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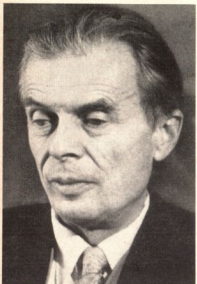
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just that. With pillow loudspeakers, the warden was able to reach certain delinquents in their sleep, and from a phonograph in his office counsel them to be good. The black arts of hypnosis, subliminal commercials and so on are becoming an accepted part of the machinery of civilization. To Huxley, even a hymn is a "Singing Theological."

As for the advantages of man's mastery of space, Huxley has this to say: "All our exuberant post-Sputnik talk is irrelevant and even nonsensical. So far as the masses of mankind are concerned, the



Heini Mays

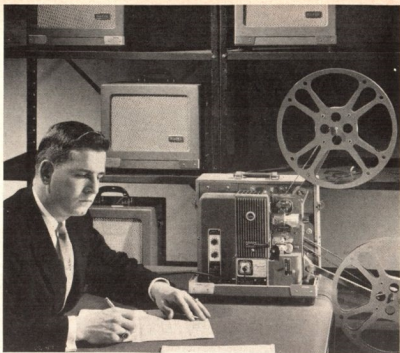
UTOPIARIST HUXLEY
Three billion is a crowd.

coming time will not be the Space Age; it will be the Age of Over-population." In a parody of the old song, Huxley asks:

*Will the space you're so rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of space turn the
Spit, spit, spit?*

Psycho Soma-Tic. Huxley is prepared to concede that 2 billion may be company on earth, but that three will be a crowd. With the air of the fourth wise man, he says that "on the first Christmas Day" there were only 250 million. It took all the time since then until the Pilgrim Fathers to double the figure. When he was writing *Brave New World*, in 1931, world population stood at just under 2 billion. Today, "only 27 years later, there are 2,800,000,000 of us." People keep breeding, as it were, behind Huxley's back. Clean water, penicillin, DDT are also to blame, he says. Soon there will not be enough to eat, Huxley warns, and suggests that occupancy of this planet by more than 3 billion persons is dangerous and should be unlawful.

Unfortunately, there are passages when Huxley becomes as blurred as a *soma* drunkard. There must be a good drug, he argues—something to make man happy



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THE WORLD OVER

and yet not bad, and he has hopes for an amino-alcohol called Deaner, which "sounds almost too good to be true" (no hangover; one just feels lovely).

Prophylactic for the East. Always a compulsive shophifter of ideas and religious systems, Huxley wants mankind to find the ideas and beliefs most useful for a good and happy life, but forgets that men do not necessarily believe what is useful. Huxley's plan, apart from his perfect pill, seems to involve cooperative communities, birth control and freedom. Sound as some of this may be, the depraved old world is unlikely to heed. And the thought of aging (64) Aldous—an intellectual well past average breeding age—proffering a prophylactic to the teeming East is downright funny. Reactionaries will continue to listen to Singing Theologicals and hope against Stopes.

Huxley's revisitation nevertheless is a fascinating intellectual exercise for those who like to think about the shape of things that have or might come. And sometimes Huxley still sounds like the brave young worldling who wrote *Crome Yellow*. Most original Huxleyism is a suggested law on the lines of *habeas corpus*, which would be a *habeas mentem* for the human race. Roughly translated it would mean the right for all to say: keep your dirty hands off my mind.

Forever Angélique

ANGÉLIQUE (890 pp.)—Sergeanne Golon—Lippincott (\$5.95).

Once upon a time, in the dank and gloomy castle of Monteloup in old Poitou, there lived an impecunious baron and his daughter Angélique, a wild and barefoot sprite who played, perhaps more than she should, with the peasant boy Nicholas. Looking to Angélique's beauty to save him from ruin, the baron betrothed her to the Comte de Peyrac de Morens, known as the Great Lame Devil of Languedoc, who was said to be so ugly that girls ran away when he passed by on his great black horse. As it turned out, Angélique and the lame count hit it off famously, but the count dabbled in alchemy and was burned at the stake, leaving Angélique to disappear, nameless and forgotten, into the reeking underworld of 17th century Paris.

There she lived with beggars, cutthroats, cutpurses, dwarfs and cripples, including the leering, one-eyed gangleader Calembradine, who had a "nightmare face, blurred by long strands of greasy hair [and] marked by a violet wen." It was Calembradine who in a frightful brawl won Angélique as his mistress and carried her unconscious to his lair. When Calembradine tore off wig and wen, who should he be but Nicholas, the ever-loving peasant friend from old Poitou!

Angélique, already a U.S. bestseller, is an enormous fairy tale for adult children, of whom there are legions. The French eagerly took to *Angélique* as a serial in *France-Soir*. It ran for more than a year, time enough to catch a breath between one night's adventure and the next. The

reader of the 890-page U.S. translation must pace himself, and should be warned that the author is one up on him from the beginning. Novelist "Sergeanne" Golon is not one person but two—an apparently indefatigable French man-and-wife team (Serge and Anne) who claim to have prised themselves with 300 volumes of history before painting their cyclorama. Their scholarship is not intrusive.

Golden Slippers

VICTORINE (380 pp.)—Frances Parkinson Keyes—Messner (\$4.50).

When Author Keyes showed *Victorine's* first chapters to her British publisher, he came back with: "I am very much pleased with your *mise-en-scène*. However, I'd like it a little more bloodcurdling. Couldn't you have a murder in the rice fields?"

Author Keyes could not. Fiction, as she suggests in her preface, must not be com-



NOVELIST KEYES

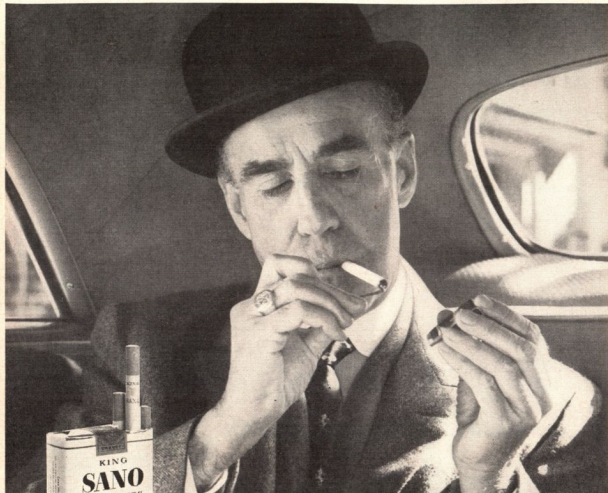
Fiction must never be fictitious.

pletely fictitious, and murders are "not rampant or even frequent" in Louisiana rice fields. So, instead, Author Keyes has made her tale turn on a murder in a rice bin. The victim is a fictional cabaret singer named Titine Dargereux ("very good to look at, and the closer she came, the more alluring"). Cajun Titine titillates Rice Prince Prosper Villac, who "had her to himself beside a bayou" in return for a pair of gold slippers. So when Titine is found suffocated in the Villac rice mill, the gold slipper that sticks above the grain points accusingly at Prosper—and just at the moment that Prosper has got engaged to rich and beautiful Victorine La Branche.

Keyes fans will not be disappointed as they follow Victorine along a mysterious, lumbering course. Though most of the prose consists of what one character well calls "a potful of fancy-Dan wordage," there are many stretches of an astonishing

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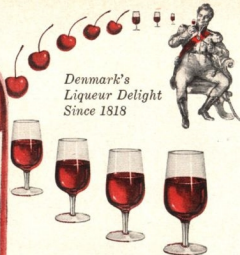
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Louisiana dialect, for which Author Keyes declares herself indebted to a lady friend (who has worked for the Opelousas daily *World* and has an "almost infallible ear for the nuances of local speech"). "I strive to please," Novelist Keyes confesses. To a striving author, *Victorine* should be worth its weight in gold slippers.

Mixed Fiction

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN, by *Pierre Boulle* (281 pp.; *Vanguard*; \$3.50), is another one of those novels that try to prove that good and kind Americans are really dumb Americans. Ironic Frenchman Boulle (*The Bridge over the River Kwai*) is too blasé to join forces openly with embittered Briton Graham (*The Quiet American*) Greene, but he makes it plain in his book that there is no place for naive, warmhearted U.S. do-gooders in cold-war country. True to his Gallic instincts, he makes his American boob a woman. Patricia is the wife of a Frenchman who expertly runs a rubber plantation in Malaya, not far from Singapore. He married her during a leave in the U.S. and loves her dearly, but while he sensibly oversees operations with a machine gun in hand, Patricia is convinced that love and decency are the real weapons needed to bring the Communist guerrillas to peace. When she practically adopts Ling, a Chinese Communist girl and a very nice dish, every male in the vicinity begins to go ting-a-ling, and Author Boulle has a field day trying to prove that men are men, women are women, and do-gooder females do not know East from West even when they are facing in the right direction.

DESERT LOVE, by *Henry de Montherlant* (203 pp.; *Noonday*; \$3.50), is convincing proof that the cruelest hands a fictional Frenchman can fall into are those of a French novelist. Lucien Auligny is the creation of Author Montherlant (*Perish in Their Pride*, *Pity for Women*), who at his gentlest tells nothing less than the bitter truth and at his worst dismisses humanity with a sardonic jeer. Lucien is a lieutenant who commands an oasis outpost in French North Africa. He is not much of a man and not much of a soldier, and boring desert duty with a handful of French and Arab troops is just what is needed to show him up all the way. The catalytic agent that calls his variety of weaknesses into play is an affair with Ramie, an adolescent Arab girl who becomes Auligny's obsession. Loving her, he begins to think that he loves the Arabs and wants to understand them. Yet all the time he really only uses Ramie to fill an emotional vacuum, just as she is simply using him to get money. Montherlant finished *Desert Love* (part of a longer novel) in 1932, made only minor additions for this version. The book does not show its age. The novel's tortured, indecisive lieutenant could easily have his counterparts at many a desert outpost today. Clashes of civilization and the cracks they reveal in the conqueror's armor are no more out of date than Montherlant's sharply written novel.



Photographs by Fritz Heintz



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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

From Hollywood

Home Before Dark. A soapy but intelligently done story about a wife (Jean Simmons) returning home after a year in a mental hospital; with a brilliant job by Dan O'Herlihy as her husband.

The Last Hurrah. Spencer Tracy, who can also be seen fishing in cinematically troubled waters in *The Old Man and the Sea*, is far more at home playing a curly-haired, Curley-like Irish politician.

Damn Yankees. The musical that played hell with the national game on Broadway gets a helluva good deal itself from Hollywood.

Me and the Colonel. A comic and often touching study in the art of survival, demonstrated by Danny Kaye as a Polish refugee who keeps one jump ahead of the invading Nazi armies in France.

The Defiant Ones. A length of chain ties a couple of escaped convicts (Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier) together with a well-forged lesson about brotherhood.

From Abroad

The Seventh Seal (Swedish). A beautifully photographed attempt to "express the modern dilemma" in terms of the medieval morality play—not everyone's cup of meat, but a powerful brew.

Pathar Panchali (Indian). Director Savajit Ray has produced the first cinematic masterpiece ever made in India: a stirring vision of life in Mother Asia.

TELEVISION

Wed., Nov. 12

Shirley Temple's Storybook (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Ali Baba, after all these generations, still has a fine time wresting the treasure from the Forty Thieves.

The Milton Berle Show (NBC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Uncle Miltie has been a bit wilted, but Guest Jimmy Durante might be just the backbone specialist he needs. Color.

Thurs., Nov. 13

The Ford Show (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A ho-ho-down, partly because Ernie Ford has chosen to dance with Cliff Arquette, the rustic, marble-mouthed caller of many a Jack Paar square dance.

Du Pont Show of the Month (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). If it appeared in the daytime, *The Winslow Boy* might look like a soap opera, but Terence Rattigan's old school tie has a habit of glowing in the dark; with Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Siobhan McKenna, Rex Thompson, Denholm Elliott.

Fri., Nov. 14

Your Hit Parade (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). A tribute to Tunesmiths Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe and their *Fair Lady*.

Sun., Nov. 16

Kaleidoscope (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). Charles Van Doren, in his first big chore since he reached his TV majority (over *Twenty One*), does the narration for a documentary on the American Indian.

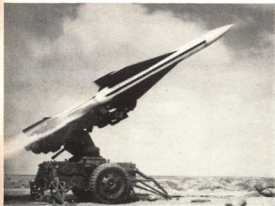
Conquest (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). Waves, both cranial and oceanic. Half the pro-

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gram consists of film clips from a six-hour job of brain surgery by a team of Johns Hopkins doctors that cured a patient of *grand mal* epilepsy; the other half describes the toll that the pounding ocean has taken from men, ships and seacoasts.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). A stirring reconstruction, with the help of film clips, of the 1939 Russo-Finnish war.

The Ed Sullivan Show (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). France Nuyen, who is part French, part Chinese, part Broadway (*The World of Suzie Wong*), in a special production number worked up for her by Director Joshua Logan.

The Dinah Shore Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Sid Caesar fans must be fast and nimble in the dialing finger if they are to catch him these days, but he can be seen briefly here. Color.

Mon., Nov. 17

Westinghouse Desilu Playhouse (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Lucille Ball ventures away from home and the apartment of Lucy Ricardo for the first time in seven years to play a dance teacher who finds herself managing a prizefighter; with Aldo Ray, William Lundigan.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Pleasure of His Company. Suave drawing-room comedy with Cyril Ritchard as a playboy prodigal father who turns up for his daughter's wedding and turns everything around him upside down. With Cornelia Otis Skinner.

A Touch of the Poet. Eugene O'Neill's giant strength and giant sprawl, in a long-ago tale of a boozing, illusion-ridden innkeeper—well played by Eric Portman—and his shattered pose as a fine gentleman. With Helen Hayes, Kim Stanley.

The Music Man. Robert Preston in a musicomedy that has all the jubilant old-time energy of a small-town jamboree.

My Fair Lady. Broadway has grown accustomed to her face—still one of the most attractive in sight.

The Visit. The Lunts enhancing a fascinating continental theater piece concerned with a rich woman's vengeful hate and a community that succumbs to greed.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs. William Inge's 1920ish family chronicle, alternating parlor comedy with dark tensions; sometimes vivid, sometimes merely facile.

Two for the Seesaw. Uneven but amusing and touching two-character tale of a split-level, ghost-ridden love affair.

On Tour

My Fair Lady. CHICAGO could easily dance all night with the incomparable 'enry 'iggins and his Liza.

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